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THE EAST

Vol. IX No. 4 April 1973

Backstage Hero Katsu Kaishu

Edo Fires and Fire-fighters

Japan's Little Venice

The Emperor's Chef

Go for Fun

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

A great many of our readers were kind enough to respond to the questionnaire inserted in the Vol. VIII, No. 10 issue of THE EAST. We would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have contributed your valuable suggestions to us.

THE EAST being the kind of magazine it is, we have always made it our primary aim to give our readers what they really want. We will make every effort to reflect your opinions and requests in our upcoming issues.

Your ideas are currently being sorted out and studied carefully by our staff. The general impression is that the editing policy of THE EAST, on the whole, has the support of our readers. This is extremely gratifying for us.

Many of you have given us encouraging suggestions regarding what you would like to be able to read about in THE EAST. We are amazed at the abundant knowledge of Japan, and the depth and variety of our readers' knowledge and interests as mirrored in the replies. Moreover, a number of suggestions were quite concrete and went into great detail, making them very easy to incorporate into our editing policy. So far, we find all your suggestions enormously helpful and have found none infeasible. Sooner or later, you will find your requests met in our forthcoming issues.

Several of your requests dealt with the layout of THE EAST. We have no reason whatsoever to dodge any objections in that area. On the contrary we regard them as both reasonable and useful and intend to make improvements in this area as well.

In any case we would like you to know how deeply encouraged we are to find, from the returned questionnaires, that each one of our readers cares about THE EAST and is anxious to see it grow. We can assure you that your goodwill will be reflected in a better and better magazine. Again, thank you for every one of your suggestions. Hearty greetings to you all from the staff of THE EAST!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

At this time the publications department of THE EAST takes great pleasure in announcing our new book, HER PLACE IN THE SUN; *Women Who Shaped Japan*, which presents profiles of famous female figures in Japanese history. The series "Women in History" which formerly appeared in THE EAST enjoyed great popularity among our readers. At the request of many readers, we have compiled the series into a book in handsome binding with many figures, charts and color photographs introduced. The series has been carefully revised and expanded for your pleasant but enlightening reading. It has been made new so that those who have read the magazine series will also find fresh charm in it again.

HER PLACE IN THE SUN; *Women Who Shaped Japan* scuttles the mistaken image of Japanese women as shadowy dolls who but follow their men meekly several paces behind. Here are positive women, women who looked frail yet proved unconquerable even in death, women who said yes to their men and then manipulated them.

Though the long Japanese feudal era veiled and restricted a large number of its women, many of them, contrary to our modern expectation, lived productive lives, finding their happiness in active fulfillment of their roles. Some did not. You may be surprised to find yourself empathizing with these Japanese women of the past.

With the hope that our readers may discover an image of Japanese women they did not know existed, we have decided to publish our first historical book on some of the women who shaped the history and culture of Japan. If you knew these women before you will like them even more in HER PLACE IN THE SUN; *Women Who Shaped Japan*.

A Notice to Potential Contributors

We welcome contributions from our readers and have been receiving quite a few, but we have had to turn many well-written ones down. We would find it easier to use articies which say something that only you can say—your experiences in Asia as a foreigner, your critical observations on Japanese society, interpersonal relations, customs and culture. It is the job of our staff to introduce various aspects of Japan and Asia, and the content of successive issues is decided fairly far in advance. Your individual way of looking at things will make the best contribution.

INFORMATION BOX

Q

Dear Sirs,

In your issue of EAST, Dec–Jan Vol. IV No. 1 1968 you included an article on Japanese Etiquette entitled "Traditional Formality in a Hip World."

Concerning the Ogasawara School of Etiquette, under the direction of Headmaster Kiyonobu Ogasawara, who is also an associate professor of Psychology at Meiji University in Tokyo. Is it at all possible for you to forward to me the address of the above School at your earliest convenience?

Yours Very Sincerely,
Valerie A. Lloyd,
Los Gatos, Cal., USA

A

The address of the school is

Ogasawara Kiyonobu
Minami Karasu-yama 1-8-8
Setagaya-ku
Tokyo, Japan

The Ogasawara family served the Kamakura Shōguns in the Kamakura Period as instructors in the arts of war and manners of samurai. In the succeeding period, the Muromachi, under the Ashikaga Shōguns, they became the officially recognized authorities on questions of etiquette relating to the ceremonies of marriage and admission into adulthood for boys (*genpuku*). By the Edo Period, the school had gained wide popularity among the common people who studied ceremonial etiquette, furniture arrangement, proper care of clothing, letter-writing, eating manners and so on. Etiquette, *sahō* (作法), became synonymous with the Ogasawara School and is to this day.

Q

Dear Sirs:

I would like to obtain the addresses of several firms in Japan that deal in Japanese postage stamps on a mail-order basis. If possible, I also need the addresses of firms that sell Japanese postage stamps wholesale.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
John J. Williams
Koza, Okinawa

A

We have asked around quite a bit and your best bet would seem to be:

Japan Post Publicity Association
P.O. Box 5
Azabu, Tokyo 106
Japan

They have said they will be quite willing to help you and they can understand and write English.

Q

Dear Sir,

Your magazine "The East" is really very interesting for me and I am always very happy when I receive a new number.

May I ask a favour of you? Could you find out where I can get detailed information about 'Zen Music' on records? There is only one I know: 'Music for Zen Meditation' played by Hozan Yamamoto (Shakuhachi), Shin-ichi Yuize (Koto) and Tony Scott (Clarinet). It is an American recording by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Verve Series). I guess there must be more of this kind of music recorded in Japan. Moreover I would be very appreciated to find more records only or at least

Persistent Suicide

The watchman at the bridge was summoned by his superior officer and given a good scolding. "There's been a suicide off that bridge every night. Keep your eyes peeled, you hear?"

That night the watchman did not even take his eyes away long enough to bat a mosquito. Suddenly a suspicious-looking man ran to the middle of the bridge and started to climb over the railing. The watchman was off like a shot and had him tackled before he was halfway over the bar. "So you're the one who's been jumping off this bridge every night!"

The Latter Days of the Shogunate

1853	Commodore Perry's black ships visit Japan
1854	Treaties of amity signed with the United States, England and Russia
1855	Treaties signed with France and Holland
1858	Treaty of Amity and Commerce signed with the US
1860	Katsu Kaishu sails on the Kanrin-maru on the first Japanese mission to America Ii Naosuke cut down at Sakurada Mon
1862	English traders attacked by Satsuma samurai at Namamugi, one killed, two wounded
1863	Satsuma fights with England
1864	Allied forces of England, the US, France and Holland send punitive expedition to Shimonoseki and do battle with Chōshū
1867	Restoration of rule to the Emperor
1868	Edo Castle surrendered to New Government forces; Meiji Restoration concluded

LEGALLY, WE CAN'T CALL THIS A REEL-TO-REEL DECK.

But professional reel-to-reel quality is what you'll get from TEAC's new A-450 cassette deck.

We've perfected the deck to the point of keeping wow and flutter below 0.07%. No, that's not a misprint. We did say 0.07%.

We nicknamed this gem "the Challenger." Because we challenge you to tell the difference between it and reel-to-reel.

The Dolby Noise Reduction System* was even improved. Of course, we built the ingenious Dolby into our A-450 to eliminate tape hiss and other noises.

But we also put the system on the monitoring circuit. So you can copy Dolby tapes and record FM Dolby broadcasts with de-coded monitoring.

Our best cassette deck deserves our best heads. Which is why you get wear-free High Density Ferrite Heads.

And to assure you of the smoothest possible tape travel, we designed a new tape drive mechanism.

Our A-450 is the only cassette deck we know of that even allows for full mic-line mixing capabilities.

Reel-to-reel supremacy has been challenged by the A-450.

Remember. Legally it's a cassette.

But if you didn't see it, you'd swear you were listening to a reel-to-reel deck.

*'DOLBY' is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

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TEAC Corporation of America, Montebello, California, U.S.A. TEAC Europe B.V., Kabelweg, Amsterdam, Holland TEAC Hongkong Ltd., Hongkong

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Vol. IX
No. 4 1973

THE EAST

COVER

"The crane lives a thousand years, the turtle ten thousand," the Japanese are fond of saying. The Chinese calculate it a bit differently and with characteristic exactitude —the turtle lives to be 1200 years old, giving birth to another turtle at 100 and so on so that by the time he is 1000 there are ten—but everyone agrees that the turtle is an extraordinary beast deserving of reverence. An ancient Chinese coin is inscribed with the characters 亀鶴斎寿 indicating the connection between turtles and cranes and longevity on the front and a crane-turtle design on the back. The turtle at 1000 years of age gains a spirit and the capacity to foretell fortune and calamity. Turtle carapaces have been heated to form cracks and the future interpreted from them since ancient times in China and Japan as well. Important to the Taoists, the eternal island of Fêng Lai (蓬来) where the immortals dwelt was believed to rest on the back of a huge turtle floating in the sea.

Turtles act as attendants and messengers for the god of the sea. Many fishing villages wait for the turtles to come in from the sea in season, catch them, feed them saké and let them go. And Kashima Myōjin, the god of Kashima Shrine, first arrived in the bay of Toyoura (Yamaguchi Prefecture) on the back of an especially fast (?) turtle.

Efficacious and felicitous as this sacred creature was held to be, there is little to wonder about in the popularity of the turtle as an element for design and finally in family crests. The turtle that appears in most crests has cute little ears and "hair." Not sea but lake or pond turtles, their swirling hair is actually a representation of the algae that grow on the backs of the shallow water amphibians.

Bushi families displaying one of the two kinds of turtle crests ("hairy" and hairless") included the Okuyama, Mori, Rokkaku and Hori. The variety on this month's cover, the *oyako-gamé* (親子亀), portrays the mother turtle sporting with her little son? daughter? amidst the billowing waves of hair.

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mainly with shakuhachi played by H. Yamamoto (or by other good players). Please not modern, westernized music!

My last question: where can I order those records in Japan? I would be very glad if you could help me.

Enclosed you can find the asked questionnaire—I am sorry for the lateness. Thanking you in anticipation.

Sincerely yours
Thea Staerk
West Germany

A

For records of almost any kind, you can address your requests and questions to Tokyo's biggest record store:

Yamano Music Store
Ginza 4-5
Chūō-ku
Tōkyō

Yamano says they will ship records anywhere in the world but unfortunately they cannot assume responsibility for breakage due to rough handling in the mails.

H. Yamamoto has four other shakuhachi records out:

Nihon no New Jazz
New Dimensions of Bamboo Flute
Shakuhachi-Bosanoba
Shakuhachi Easy Listening

As you can discern from the titles of these records, Yamamoto Hozan does not figure as a typical performer of *hogaku* or classical Japanese music. At present there are two major schools of shakuhachi in Japan. The Kinko-ryu (琴古流) is the old and traditional school and performs classical pieces; available on Victor are performances by

Yamaguchi Goro and
Aoki Shizuo.

The Tozan-ryu (都山流) is a somewhat newer school, founded fifty years ago, but the head of the school,

Nakao Tozan,

performs orthodox works on CBS Sony records.

Q

Dear Sirs:

Can you give me the dates when the following ceramic factories were first established or the time when they were first made in the following places:

Mikasa, Oribé, Koshida, Noritaké, Okura, Arita (Imari), Kakiemon, Nippon.

Sincerely,
Francis Geck
Boulder, Colo., USA

A

Some of the names you list are ceramic companies and others are the names of types of ceramic and china which originate from the names of the places where they were initially produced. We will take these up in turn.

Ceramic companies:

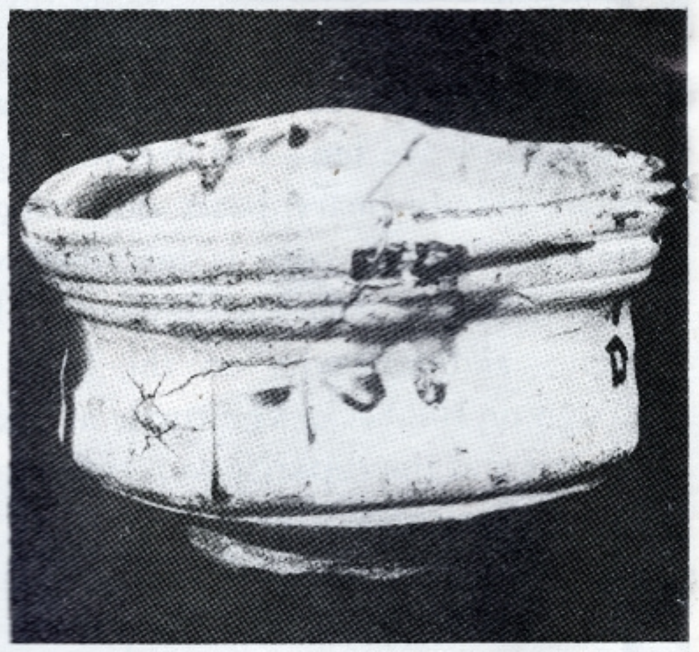
Noritaké China—established in Nagoya in the 43rd year of Meiji, 1910, by Morimura Ichizaemon

Ōkura Toen—established in the same year as Noritake, Meiji 43, in Totsuka Ward of Yokohama, by a relative of Morimura Ichizaemon, Ōkura Magobei

Nippon Tōki—established in July of the 6th year of Taishō (1917); address: Noritaké Shinmachi 1, Nishi-ku, Nagoya-shi, Japan

Types of ceramics ware:

Oribé (織部)—arose during the Momoyama Period (latter 16th century) in the province of Mino (Gifu Prefecture) and took on its distinctive style under the direction of tea master Furuta Oribé-古田織部 (1543–1615) who oversaw the production of many tea bowls. Many techniques are applied to Oribé ceramics which are characterized by bold, modern designs.



Arita or Imari (有田 or 伊万里)—refers to the chinaware produced in one of a belt of kilns centering in Saga Prefecture. Of extremely fine quality, the china was first produced in Japan in 1588 by the Korean potter Li 李参平 who was brought back to Japan after the Korean invasion.

Kakiemon (柿右衛門)—takes its name from Sakaida Kakiemon 酒井田柿右衛門 (1596–1666) who worked at a kiln in Arita in Saga Prefecture during the early Edo Period. A type of Arita ware, Kakiemon is characterized by lovely painted designs in red.

A Request to Our Readers

Because THE EAST is sent to you directly from Japan, we need to be notified of your **change of address** in plenty of time so that you won't miss a copy.

The mailmen do their best, but sometimes shipments are unavoidably delayed for as much as several weeks, and sometimes, though rarely, a package may go astray between the docks of Yokohama and Europe or San Francisco Bay.

If it should happen that you **miss an issue**, please notify our Subscription Department and we will try to trace the copy or send you a replacement.

Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated. Thank you.

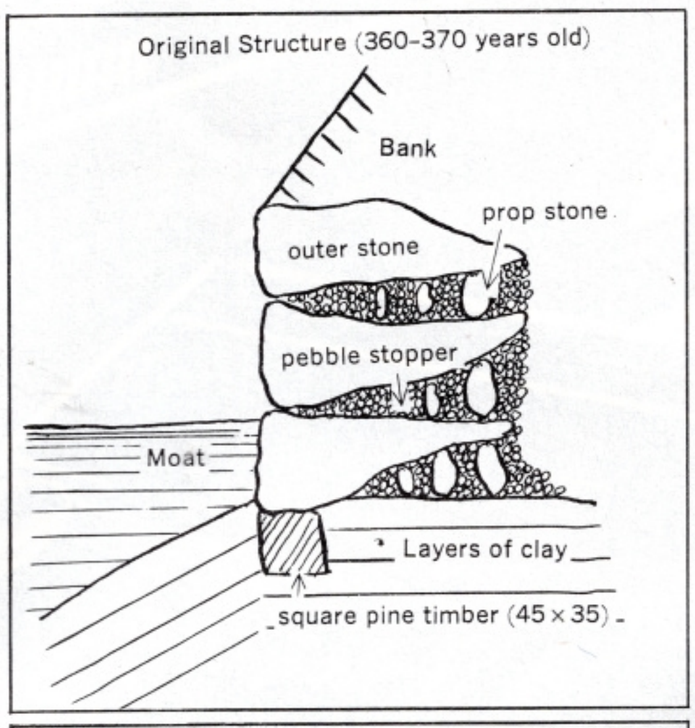
The Subscription Department
THE EAST Magazine
10–5 Roppongi 3
Minato-ku, Tokyo
Tel: 404–1811

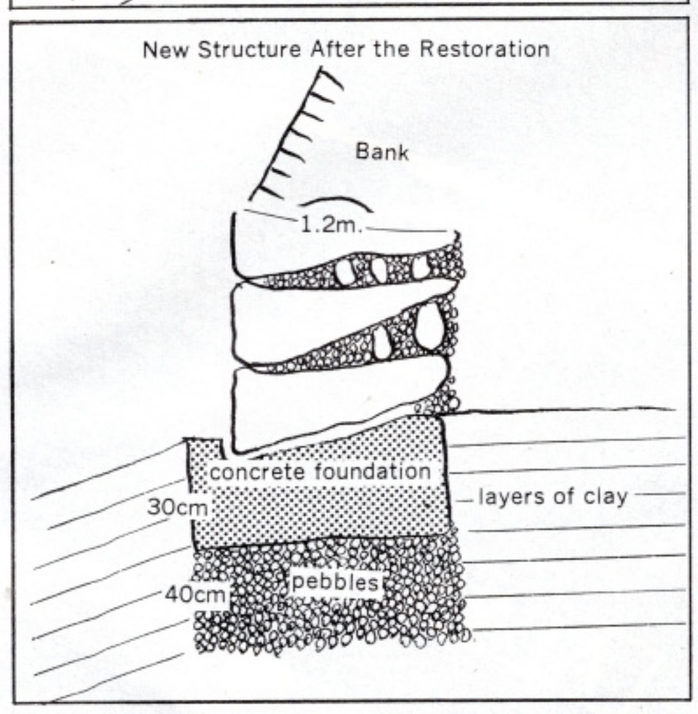
What Holds Up the Walls?

EVER SINCE the massive structure of Edo Castle (see the previous issue) was constructed in the 17th century the question of what sort of foundation supports the stone walls which tower over ten meters high has been a puzzle. What, in other words, holds up the Imperial Palace of today? The majority of experts surmised that bundles of logs were driven perpendicularly deep into the ground, the tops fretted with rails and mortared hard. The recent excavation conducted by the Environmental Protection Agency revealed that, to the contrary, it is quite a simple trick. Four to five layers of hard kneaded clay and square pine timbers aligned horizontally have been bearing the enormous weight of over 10,000 tons of wall for the past 360 years.

The excavation took place at the nearby Budōkan, an all-purpose indoor stadium situated in the outer garden of the Imperial Palace and open to the public. The stone wall there had cracked in three different spots and had to be restored. The wall was dismantled for reconstruction over a length of fifty meters, and the excavation team availed itself of the opportunity to take a look at the original construction.

The wall stands low at the restoration site: only three or four layers of granite blocks (approx. 3 meters from the ground). An earthen embankment of ten meters or so rises above the stone wall.





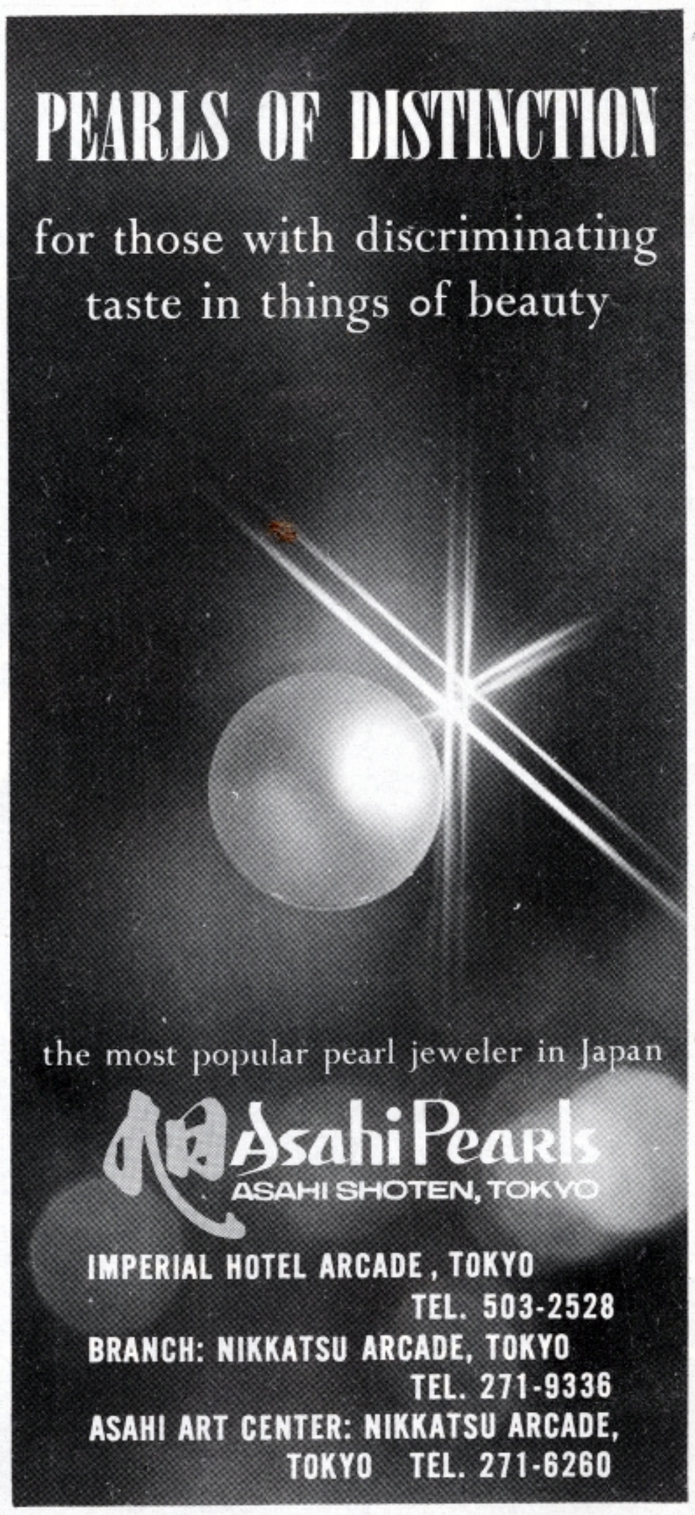
The top stratum of clay stretches about one meter underground, and a single line of square pine timbers 45 × 35 centimeters and 3.5 meters long is sunk most of the way into the clay. When the pine timbers were lifted out by crane, five different kinds of clay processed and hardened into successive strata were discovered to extend underneath to a depth of two meters.

Edo (Tōkyō) did not afford clay of fine quality, so it is assumed that the clay had to be brought to Edo from all over the country. Pine was selected probably because of its water-resistant resin. Its ability to withstand erosion made it supremely suitable for the castle construction (1606–1629).

The outside granite blocks are approximately 70 × 90 centimeters in surface and 1.2 meters in horizontal length narrowing inward toward the end (See figure). The inner, which are the narrower, sides of the outer stones are supported at intervals by different sizes of stones 20 to 30 centimeters in diameter. The cavities between these stones are stopped by pebblestones that must have been brought in from beaches.

Some surface stones are carved with family crest designs—two horizontal lines or a triangle inside a circle. Additional research may give us further clues as to which daimyō lord was responsible for which part of the wall construction.

The Environmental Protection Agency plans a fullscale survey on much higher stone fortifications beginning in April this year. It is expected that the architectural structure of every segment of the stone walls surrounding the Palace will be made clear by March, 1974.



Spread the word.
The sound spreader is out. Aiwa's fascinating NEW virtuoso, the TPR-220 Cassette Recorder/Radio, is the first true portable with truly BIG sound. It sounds professional because it is. The TPR-220 has two-way speakers—a woofer to give you rich, mellow bass and a tweeter with cellular horn to spread out those high notes. There's nothing thin or reedy about the top notes from the TPR-220.

Add to its sound-spreading speakers a powerful (3,800mW), finely-tuned multi-band radio and a many-faceted Cassette Recorder with sound mixing capability... and you begin to get the picture: the TPR-220 gives unparalleled portable performance.

For instance, there's a special Loudness Control circuit that increases the tonal range at low volume. Usually, the softer the sound, the narrower the audible range. But the TPR-220 overcomes the problem by "stretching" both bass and treble. Ensures the fullest enjoyment of an evening of quiet listening.

For sheer quality of tone, versatility and thoughtful craftsmanship, the "220" is a gem!

TPR-220....The Two-Way Sound Spreader!

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24-13, 3-chome, Yushima, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, Japan

Mitsubishi Makes the Match

THE MAJOR corporations of the Mitsubishi Group, the towering business giant of Japan, are giving their people a new benefit from the modern age, a computerized marriage arrangement club.

The "Friday Club," organized by the presidents of 27 Mitsubishi companies decided to defray expenses of the counselling office for those who wish to take advantage of the service. The office proclaims that their purpose lies in promoting the welfare of the Mitsubishi Family. But other business groups see it differently. When matches are made, the newlywed households of loyal Mitsubishi-couples are stamped all over with the "three diamonds," the Mitsubishi mark of excellence . . . and plied with Mitsubishi insurance, Mitsubishi electric appliances, Mitsubishi houses, and a whole array of Mitsubishi products. No wonder other corporations marvel, "Good old Mitsubishi, they've done it again!"

The managing director of the office, Ito Hiroyuki explained the pressing need, "I myself am surprised to find out that the young people of today do not meet their boy friends and girl friends easily. It seems rather difficult for them to find a suitable partner by chance. Many of our young employees especially are sent overseas and they tend to miss the right opportunities to meet their mates. The top managements of the affiliated companies became worried about this situation and decided to help our people find the best spouses. Thanks to our huge and well-oiled organization, we can do this."

The Mitsubishi Group, with its 27 affiliates, employs 267,000 people; approximately 70,000 of them are unmarried. If all the employees and their families of the several hundreds of affiliates and subsidiaries of the Group are included, the grand total nearly reaches a great society of one million.

The employees of the member companies pay 8,000 yen to be initiated into this marriage arrangement club. Those who are introduced by a Mitsubishi Man pay the fee of 10,000 yen. No confidential inquiries are made councerning this latter group of members, because their characters are guaranteed by the simple fact that they are introduced by a Mitsubishi Man.

Another self-applauding gadget in the new line of business is the computer in use at the Mitsubishi Research Institute. The computer memorizes the personal history of the candidate, likes and dislikes, desired personality in a partner, and so forth, and comes up with the logical choice.

Since this program also involves delicate and uncomputable human emotions, counsellors—the wives of the top management of member companies—are there to give the necessary earnest parental guidance. The membership is valid for two years, and up to ten *omiai* or "arrangements" are made within this period. When a match is made, the club takes a gratuity of 20,000 yen from both sides; in return the club gives them a wedding present.

Some criticize this new line of Mitsubishi business. They argue that it is not desirable for an enterprise to step into a personal matter like marriage. Some even condemn the activities of the counselling office as a new type of labor management and voice their concern, "All the new employees may be registered with the club in the future. Who knows? When that happens, the group companies will control the private lives of all their employees."

In any case, rumors and speculations will continue to roam about for a while, since it is Mitsubishi, the biggest wheel of the "Economic Super State, Japan" that is launching the old private and traditional business of *omiai* or matrimonial arrangement in a new big way.

A Word to Our Regular Readers About KANJI KANJI

The first time you look at a Chinese character it probably looks like nothing more or less than a scriggle. Or a lovely design. Actually it is both and far more. KANJI KANJI introduces you to the character of the Kanji that embody the wisdom of the East, to the words, concepts, myths, proverbs, legends and wealth of thought, feeling and tradition that surround those fascinating dots and lines. Including an introduction to the history of the development of Chinese characters, a full index, abundant sumi-e illustrations and explanations of over 200 Kanji, KANJI KANJI makes such interesting reading that you will be led into an understanding of the Way of Kanji—and the thinking of the Chinese and Japanese—before you realize it.

Price: only $4.80 (plus seamail postage 70¢)

THE EAST Publications, Inc.
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New York Office:
P.O. Box 948, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019

Topics

Killing the Vegetable Killer

With mother's milk recently found to contain large quantities of the residual chemical substances of insecticides and the already much talked about hazardous effects of chemicals for agricultural use again the target of social criticism, researchers are searching zealously for other methods of dealing with natural enemies. Now they have newly identified a powerful virus expected to eradicate one of the worst enemies of vegetables—*yotō-mushi*, a kind of cutworm principally found in Asia. The use of such a virus to destroy harmful insects is a welcome step away from the indiscriminate chemical contamination.

The yotōmushi or cutworm is the most perilous enemy of cabbages, Chinese cabbages, and other leafy green vegetables. It hides by day in the soil and feeds at night on the vegetable foliage. Voracious vegetarians, once these worms propagate themselves, they can easily finish off a sizable field in a matter of days. When the slightest sign of a cutworm is detected, a ditch of about 30 centimeters in depth has to be dug encircling the victimized field. Their agression knows no bounds.

The chemicals effective against this dreadful caterpillar known to us so far are the powerful yet indiscriminately hazardous insecticides such as DDT, EPN, lead arsenate, etc. These have been sprayed in massive quantities in spite of the proven fact that they are definitely harmful to human beings.

The Agricultural Experiment Station of the Tōkyō Metropolitan Government situated in Tachikawa has been conducting extensive research on safe and effective agricultural chemicals. Some time ago, they identified a certain virus that disseminates an infection among the larvae of *matsukareha*, a kind of pine beetle. This same method was applied to combatting the cutworm, and the researchers succeeded in searching out a virus that acts on the cutworm.

The newly identified virus has a polyhedral nucleus, and is highly contagious among cutworms. Once they are infected, they lose their appetites completely and die in less than a week or so. Moreover, the same virus is utterly harmless to humans and domestic animals.

The virus will soon be put to work in the field. Many anxious eyes are watching to see how this remedy will do its job, whether it can save green vegetables from the voracious night-looters of the fields.

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.

New York, Chicago, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Beverly Hills, Encino, Fort Lauderdale, Harrisburg, Seattle, Boston, Portland, Ore., Puerto Rico, Honolulu, Tokyo.

Kanebo Fashion Festival '73

"Kanebo fashion Festival '73" drew back the curtains on the coming fashion season to give the stage to the new vogues of this year. The impres-

sive show co-sponsored by the well known textiles manufacturer Kanebo, Ltd. and its subsidiary Kanebo Cosmetics Inc. was held over four

days this February both in Tōkyō and Osaka.

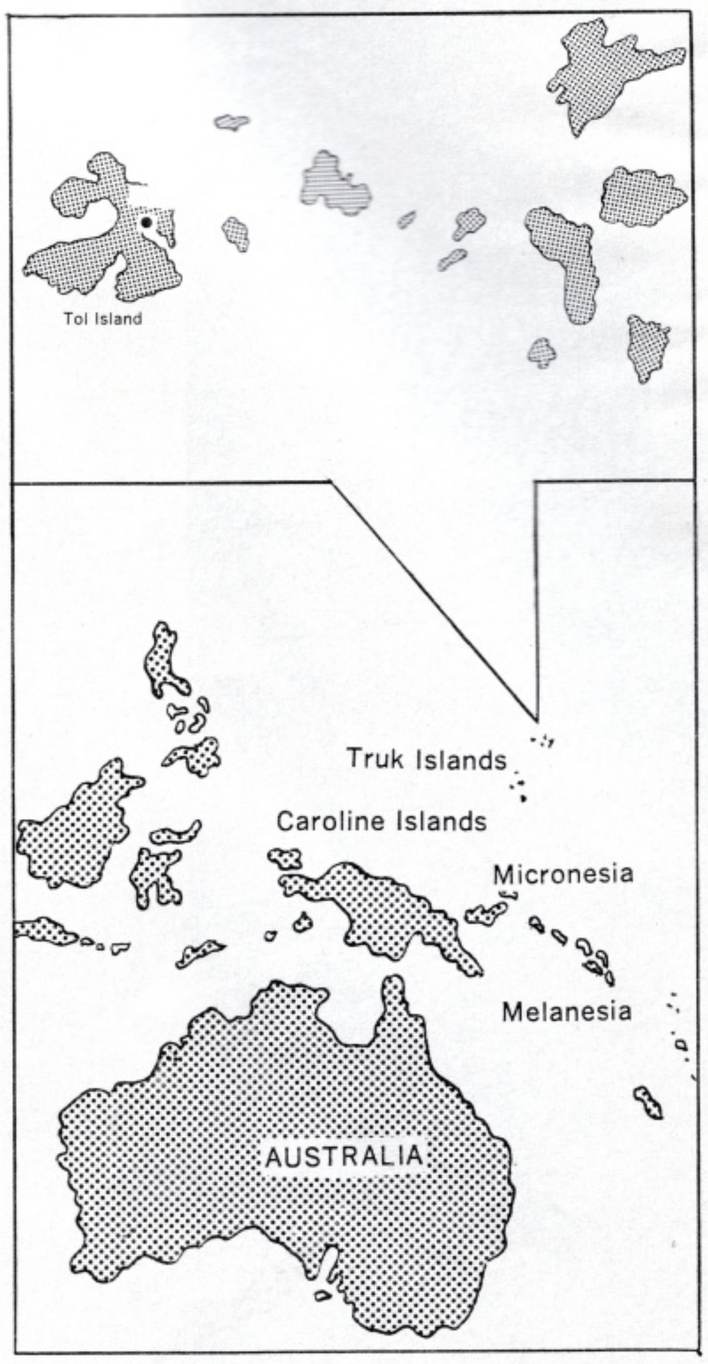
This grand annual festival was initiated in 1969. The fashion theme for '73 is "Life," and a number of renowned designers presented their visions in fashions for all the family as well as ladies, captivating an eager and enthusiastic audience. The "Kanebo Japan Prize" which is presented every year to the most original designer, opens the gates of the exciting fashion world to the winner.

Entries of approximately 10,000 dresses came from as far as the United States, Canada and Spain to dazzle and thrill. The "Boutique Fashion" class allowed one entry per person. Oki Setsuko took the prize in this contest for her evening dress in the image of a pearl shell. In the concours for "Fashions for General Consumption," Fujiwara Keiko won the prize for her chic black coat for everyday wear.

A Truckload of Micronesian Treasures

THERE IS a virgin jungle on the island of Tol, one of the Truk Islands with paradisal shores beautifully encircled by the coral reef. Into this jungle a research team of five Japanese archeologists recently ventured in search of the ruins of a village about a thousand years old. They found not only the village but a treasury of unscathed relics.

This survey team was headed by Takayama Jun, an instructor of Tōkai University who has been studying the ethnic origins of the Japanese. The researchers had heard legends of the



islanders telling of an alien tribe that once lived on the mountain top located in the center of Tol Island, and a tabooed area of land that had existed on the island since the days of antiquity. Deciding there might well be truth to the legends, they conducted

You Should Have Come Earlier

"They say the crane lives a thousand years and the turtle ten thousand, but that's a lie. You sure can't believe what people tell you. Why, I bought this turtle just yesterday and I no sooner got it home than it died."

"Well, you never know. Last night may have been the end of the ten thousand years."

(from *Edo Kobanashi*)

Kanebo — a name that spells
new beauty for
the modern woman.
Cosmetics to bestow
the gift of glamour
upon their user.
No woman can afford to overlook
the promise inherent with
every Kanebo product.

Kanebo, CREATOR OF QUALITY AND LEADER OF WORLD FASHION
KANEBO COSMETICS, INC · TOKYO JAPAN

the excavation in December, 1972.

The ruin was dug out in the jungle of Mt. Fauba in the center of the island, an area where the native people never dared walk; it had been protected by a strict taboo for many a generation. The village ruin is fortified by a stone wall of one to two meters high that was built up with pieces of smashed basalt. It extends for 400 meters in circumference encompassing a sanctuary, a village square, a lookout, a dwelling, and a water ditch.

An unexpected number of articles, enough to load a truck, were found in the shell mound including sling stones (approx. fifty pieces), shell adzes, coral files (also about fifty), one coral pounder, several shell bracelets, and remains of repasts like shells and bones of fishes and mice.

It appears that the inhabitants were cannibals, judging from the finely chopped bones of *Homo sapiens* left in the ruin which suggest they barbecued human flesh.

The expedition leader, Mr. Takayama, estimates that a stone age tribe lived in this ruin around A.D. 1,000. About 200 villagers seemed to have lived under a powerful chief. Mr. Takayama expands on the importance of their excavation, "As far as the size of the ruin goes, the ones excavated in Ponapé and Kusaie islands in the 19th century are larger. However, both those sites retained practically no articles, whereas the Fauba ruin we excavated recently retained the richest array of articles ever found in all the Pacific Islands, let alone Micronesia and Melanesia."

The big question mark still remains as to how and from where human beings came to live on the numerous islands of the Pacific, thousands of miles away from any continent. In the case of the Polynesians, there are opposing hypotheses; one claims that they came from Asia via Micronesia, and the other asserts that the Polynesians made their way from South America.

Further analysis of the Fauba ruin may supply a new clue in tracing the ethnic origin of the Pacific Islanders. Or so hope many researchers.

Notice: No Gangsters Allowed

GI's WITH the Occupation Forces in Japan after World War II may well remember a talented little girl with a big adult voice who was a very popular singer at that time. Misora Hibari was only 12 then, but through the better then twenty years that have passed she has continued to draw the applause and pull the crowds.

However, since the end of last year, Hibari's scheduled performances in various regions have been cancelled one after another and contracts ripped up. The reason is no objection to Hibari herself but an attempt to bar her brother Katō who was to appear with her. The word has it that he is mixed up with a gangster outfit and so

his appearance "goes against the municipal ordinances with regard to public facilities." It is a fact that her brother is blacklisted with a record of five convictions for gangster activities, but that has not affected Hibari's rating one bit so far.

The sudden whistle on the play is a result of a recent police crackdown on gangster groups. The police have enlisted the powerful ally of public opinion to help do away with these annoying groups once and for all.

For her part, Misora Hibari stands firm. Her brother is not now and never has been, she says, a part of any gangster organization, although he does have some acquaintances who are now or have been part of such dubious

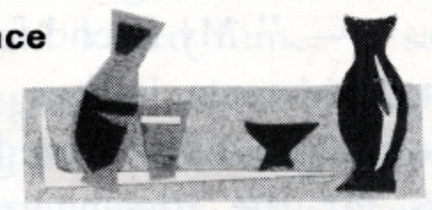
Courtesy of Heibon

groups. Therefore, in the interest of family solidarity she refuses to even entertain the idea of entertaining without her brother alongside. Even though she should starve. This is a very Japanese thing to say, but it has not stopped anyone from closing her show.

In retaliation she is demanding compensation for damages to her by cancelling previously contracted engagements.

This queen of the popular song seems to have all the confidence in the world, but she may drift into oblivion regardless. If she does make her final curtain call, the people who sympathize with her will probably be few. Rumors have long hinted at dark unions between gangsters and the entertainment world which reflect unpleasantly on the backwardness of that area of business. One cannot help but feel that this recent incident is more the proof of the allegation than a family drama.

Temperance



"I heard you've given up drinking. That's hard to believe."

"Yeah, I've given up liquor for five years."

"That's really admirable. But if you're planning on giving up drinking for five years, why don't you give it up for ten and only drink in the daytime?"

(Thinking a bit) "I know! I'll give it up for twenty and only drink in the day and nighttime."

(from *Edo Kobanashi*)

The Consciousness Behind the Japanese Corporation

Groupism vs Individualism

by Hazama Hiroshi

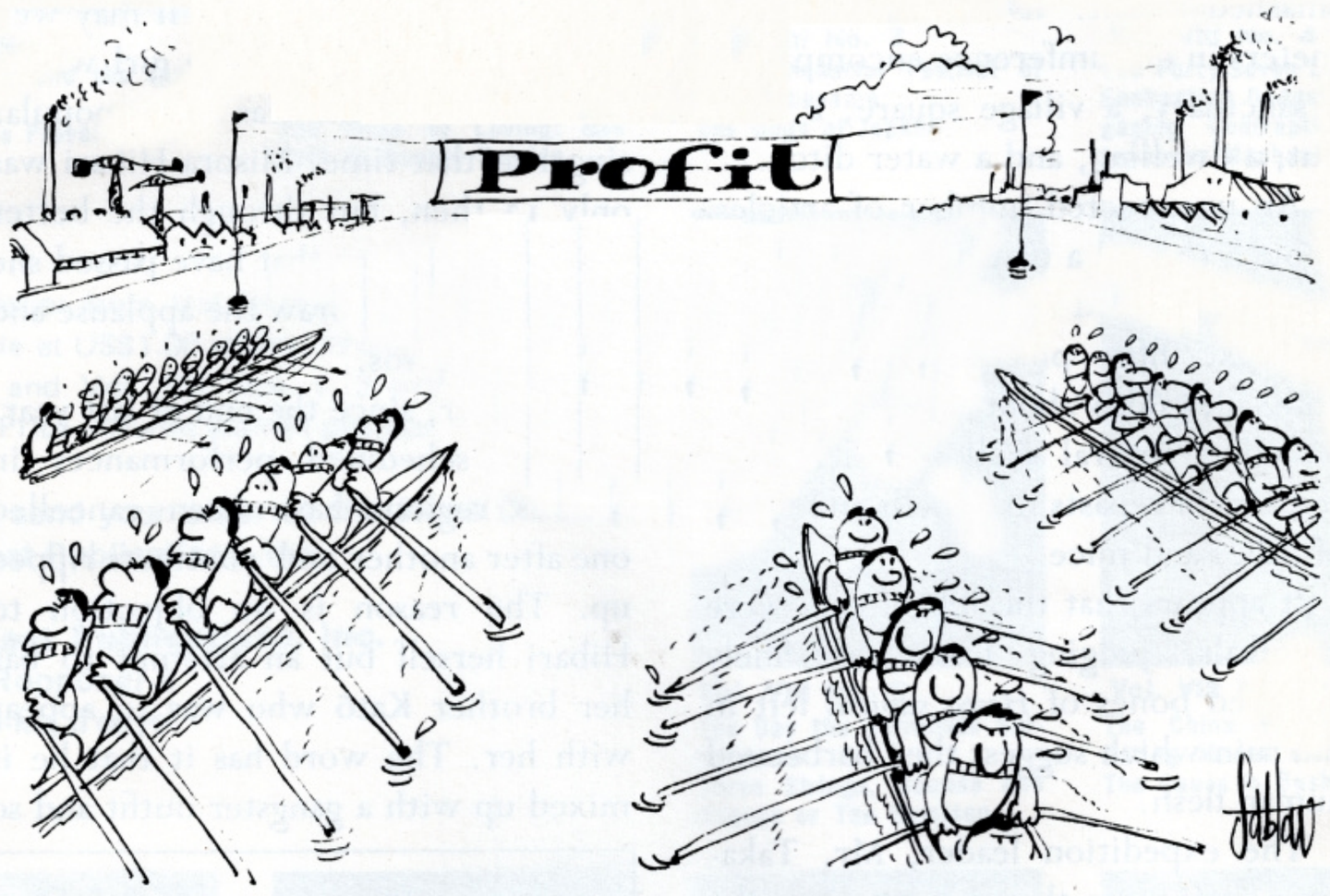


Illustration by Yutenji Saburō

A FEW FOREIGN friends of mine recently told me of their casual impressions of Japanese people acquired on the urban trains.

One European friend remarked on the infinitely thorough and attentive announcements broadcast through Japanese trains for the benefit of the passengers. As the train approaches a station, a polite voice suffuses every (packed) car: "This train is now approaching—— station. Please remember to watch your step when you get off," and on a rainy day, "Also, please remember to take your umbrella with you. On rainy days like this, there is a tendency for a great many umbrellas to be left forgotten on the rack. So please do check before you get off. Thank you." As soon as a train leaves a station, an announcement informs the passengers that, "The next stop is ——. Passengers transferring to ——, ——, —— (either directions or other connecting lines), please take the —— line leaving from platform No. ——." My friend found these announcements rather irritating. "You might call them a great kindness for the passengers, but for anyone who wants to read on the train they just cause an exasperating racket. Besides, the Japanese people will never be encouraged to develop self-discipline and take care of their own things if they always have a mother-substitute around to remind them."

Another observation was made by an American friend of mine. One day he and his Japanese friend who lives in the suburbs went downtown. This Japanese friend brought his son along. All three of them were waiting for the train on a crowded platform. People were forming long, orderly lines before the markings on the platform indicating where the doorways of the incoming train would be. When the train came in, the boy promptly elbowed his way up to the door first and dashed in to secure two seats. He then proudly offered them to his father and his American guest who had waited in line and come into the train later along with the rest of the crowd. The American, though thankful for the boy's consideration (for *him*), could not help but feel mixed emotions, and he wavered, trying to decide whether he should take the seat or not.

Foreigners generally get the impression that Japanese are kind people. However, the above two examples indicate that Japanese kindness contains some problematic qualifications. First, Japanese people tend to be high-pressure salesmen with their kindness. They easily intrude into the privacy of others with a self-defined "kindness." Thus a "kind" train conductor plies a reading passenger with barrages of "Next stop is . . ." Please be sure to . . . ," and a thousand other announcements. A "kind" boy gives you a seat which was secured through his disrespect for order and courtesy in public.

Another problem of Japanese kindness, particularly the one arising from the intrusive over-kindness, lies in the recipients' propensity toward relying on others.

Self-reliance is considered of lesser importance by many Japanese, who constantly anticipate favors and assistance from others.

There is one more shortcoming in Japanese kindness, which is explicit in the behavior shown by the boy. Japanese generally exhibit great devotion for fellow members of the group to which they belong. The other side of the coin, however, is their total disregard for interests of anybody outside the group.

The inherent weakness in Japanese kindness is deeply rooted in the uniquely Japanese pattern of behavior and value system which govern their interactions. What is this pattern? In short, it is a "behavioral collectivism," or more precisely, "group-centered behavior" which is assessed very highly in Japan, whereas "individualism" is held to be important in the West.

"Collectivism" of any kind gives priority to the interests of the whole over individual interests instead of giving priority to the individual constituents of the whole.

Of course there are various degrees in the coercive power of a collective entity. When the collective whole is a nation state which subordinates, without allowing any degree of autonomy, all its sub-groups such as the family, school, corporation, labor union, and so forth under its authority, it becomes totalitarianism, Nazi Germany being a prime example. The "group-centered" tendency in Japan does not go that far. It is more or less restricted to the social domain. The various groups that constitute Japan exercise a wide range of autonomous rights. It is within each of these groups that individual self-determination is exercised relatively little. An individual is expected to place his group interests before his own; hence the social interaction of Japanese is governed by the group consciousness.

In the individualistic society, "self-reliance" is essential. An individual learns to be responsible for his own life and is expected to make efforts to further develop his personality. In Japan, however, discipline intended to foster individual responsibility or self-reliance is of little value. An individual is encouraged to be responsible for his group and to try to make it better. One gains approbation in such a system by dedicating oneself to benefitting the other members of the group and the group itself. "Mutual assistance," and not "self-reliance," is what is respected in this group-centered society. The individuals who compose the group understand that their share of the pie increases as the pie itself is made larger and tastier. At the same time, the group takes full responsibility for the welfare of its members.

This relationship between the group and its members is clearly manifested in the Japanese relationship between a corporation and its employees. Corporate loyalty in Japan is drawing world-wide attention today. The firm support given the company by Japanese employees is an expression of the group-centered value system held by Japanese employees, who believe that their lives will be enriched through the development of the corporation they work for. Paternal top managements, in return, are now instituting a new policy to promote the "welfare company."

This is a combination of lifetime employment and employee welfare (see Vol. IX No. 1)—and an indication of the group's responsibility toward the well-being of its members.

In connection with the group's responsibility toward its constituents, a sensational piece of news was reported recently in the Japanese newspapers. A Japanese company that launched its operations in Brazil stationed some representatives in that country; one of them shot a local boy to death at a golf course. According to his flimsy confession, the boy tried to steal his golf ball, and he meant to give a warning shot but, by mistake, hit the boy and killed him. As soon as this disgraceful news hit Japan, the president of the company concerned immediately flew over to Brazil to express his apologies and condolences, and he handed the boy's family a huge sum by way of reparation. A company president travelling halfway around the world to apologize for the criminal act of a man in his employ committed during time off at a place and activity totally removed from the realm of the company's operations . . . top management would hardly

be expected to assume such a responsibility by Western business ethics.

Wa (和) or "harmonious coexistence" is another ethic of particular value in the group-centered Japanese society. Wa is a state of a society or a group in which the interaction of members is confluent and no confrontation or antagonism arises among its constituents. To maintain the necessary wa, individuals are discouraged from pressuring in their own interests; in the individual-centered society, clashes in interests of the members often result in internal strife.

In the wa-oriented society, individuals are not compelled to sacrifice their interests to those of the group but work to restrain their personal desires of their own free will. Thus, it is believed traditionally that the spirit of "after you" or "reciprocal acquiescence" is an important agent for producing a harmonious and peaceful society—wa uniting the minds of people and melding the social whole.

Japan, since the Meiji Restoration of 1868, has been voraciously assimilating the civilization of the West in every way, from the modes of eating, housing, and clothing to science, technology, and sociopolitical institutions.

It is probably correct to believe that Japan succeeded in achieving a modernized industrial state through this omnivorous absorption of modern know-how. However, there remains one aspect of Western civilization which Japanese political and business leaders have been persistently guarding themselves against—"individualism." The intelligentsia at large evaluate individualism very highly and see it as the nucleus of Western philosophy, yet these same people agree with this concept only in their minds, for they do not base their daily behavior on it. It has always been upon the "group-centered" pattern that Japanese people have based their behavior.

How did the "group-centered pattern" shape Japan and the Japanese? It definitely was the catalyst that created a swiftly modernized and industrialized Japan in the pre-World War II era and again in the postwar period.

The fact that Japan remained as the rare fortress in Asia and Africa against colonization and invasion, and the fact that Japan built herself up into a modern nation in such a short period of time in spite of the limited land, natural resources, and the more or less small physical build of her people, is due in great part to the ethics of wa and mutual assistance commonly practiced nationwide as well as among members of various groups. Generally speaking, the only promise of survival for the powerless and have-nots lies in solidarity. Japan displayed this kind of united strength to the full extent. If individualism were the accepted behavioral principle of the Japanese, at best Japan would probably not have attained such speedy development; at the worst, she might have been colonized after the intense internal clashes between different interests broke her apart and left her easy prey.

The reinforcement of the "group-centered" values and behavior, no doubt, acted as a driving force in the rapid development of the nation, but to the detriment of a well-balanced cultivation of "self" among her people. Excessive emphasis on wa, requiring unity and cooperation, led people to drop their individuality and guided them to conformity. Conformity not only suppresses the full blooming of unique creativity by the individual, it makes him feel safe only in skillfully copying whatever has already been created and sanctioned by the society.

"Mutual assistance" is a good thing in essence, but once people start depending entirely on the assistance of others, it reinforces interdependence, discouraging the individual's efforts to stand on his own two feet.

Particularly when the assistance is limited to the members of one's primary group, such mutual assistance tends toward cliquism with total disregard for the well-being of other outside groups. When one group's interests conflict with those of other groups, they may insist on protecting their own even at the sacrifice of others'.

A similar tendency may be observed in the Japanese interpretation of the phrase, "being a responsible individual." A Japanese tries to be responsible with regard to his peers and his group but only to them; thus the notion of "a responsible person" on a higher, more universal plane—to be a responsible member of mankind or of all races—is hard for him to conceive.

The post-war era has marked an extensive shift in the socially accepted values. This trend is striking not only in Japan but in the West as well, and particularly pronounced among the younger generation. In the West, some of the established values centering around individualism are breaking down or their connotations changing. In Japan, group-centered behavior and thinking patterns are breaking down.

It is not easy to predict what type of behavioral pattern and value system will gain popularity in Japan. So far, a mood of "caring for nothing but myself" or "myhomism" is prevalent among both young and old. The total defeat in the past War taught them a lesson —only misery attends blind devotion to the national interest. 東

The Emperor's Chef

by Akiyama Tokuzō

It has been a long 58 years that I have taken care of the Emperor's diet in the capacity of chief chef of the Imperial Household Agency. In spite of my earnest desire to continue serving him, at this age of 84 my body cannot meet the demands of the work.

Thus, to my regret, I had to retire officially on October 18th, last year. But fifty-eight years gives you a lot to thing back on.

The Emperor's chef has to prepare menus and meals for great banquets. . .

. . . and more intimate affairs, such as dinner parties for royal guests.

Tears of gratitude before the Emperor

IT WAS OCTOBER, 1914, shortly before the coronation of the Emperor Taishō that I was first called into service. A great many important foreign guests were invited to the grand coronation banquet and international protocol demanded that everything be done in the finest Western style. A new position called *Shuchūchō* (主厨長) or the Grand Court Chef was created then. I was marked for the job and was called back from Paris where I had been undergoing training. Since then I have stayed with the same job, and I must have held one title longer than any other official in any governmental agency. To be honest, I am rather proud of my extended service.

On the day of my retirement, I was granted an audience with the Emperor. When I stepped forth toward him, I could not utter any intelligible word or hold back my tears. His Majesty must have spoken a few words to me, but I was too overcome to remember what they were.

At first when I began to think of retirement I supposed it would be simply the end of but one point in my life. As time went by though, and the day came closer, it began to seem much more than that and I could not help feeling forlorn. I was prepared for a certain amount of loneliness since I was leaving the place where I had spent the better part of my life, but it was a great deal harder than I expected. And so I'm ashamed to say I cried in front of the Emperor.

My memories of the job are accentuated with a long list of unforgettable events and episodes. The most unforgettable of all, though, is the incident that preceded the grand coronation banquet—my very first Imperial banquet. It was for this event that I had been called back from France. I was an ambitious man of twenty-six at the time and wanted to surprise all the guests with the world's finest delicacies. I was filled with enthusiasm for what I was sure would be a once-in-a-lifetime undertaking.

For one sleepless month, my mind was preoccupied with the menu, what delicacy should be served as the grand chef-d'oeuvre. I finally settled on "Creme d'écrevisse" in plain words, a potage of creamed crayfish. The crayfish I refer to is not the American crayfish you often find in the rice paddies and ditches, but the one that inhabits the crystal clear water of upper mountain valleys and which is regarded as an extremely rare delicacy in Western cooking.

There was only one region in Japan in those days where crayfish of this quality could be obtained, high up in the mountains of Hokkaidō, the northernmost major island of the Japanese chain. The coronation was to be attended by two thousand guests. Through the army contact I had with the Asahikawa regiment, I requested the capture of three thousand live crayfish, to be brought to Nijō Imperial Villa where the banquet was to be held.

Then one morning as the grand ceremony was drawing near, I was awakened by a cry of panic from a member of the kitchen staff . . . "Chief, the crayfish are gone! They've been stolen!"

"Don't be an idiot. Who in the world would steal such . . . ," I had hardly finished before I rushed to the kitchen to discover them all gone, every one. Not a single crayfish was to be found. I felt the blood rush from my face. All three thousand crayfish escaping overnight!

We began a vast crayfish-hunt. Even the Imperial Guards, were mobilized. It was way too late to catch substitutes and, what's more, the menus had already been beautifully printed by then. Chilly thoughts of *harakiri*, or worse, crossed my mind.

Three hours or so passed. At last we found some of the crayfish. They were hiding among the crowded piles of goods along the walls of the spacious kitchen—ten over here, five there, and so on. We recaptured every single deserter. Color gradually came back to the faces of the kitchen staff and I almost collapsed on my knees with relief.

How did they get there? Well, the crayfish were kept in a huge tub and the water faucet was kept open. On that particular night of all nights, someone thought the running water made too much noise, and he had covered the faucet with a dishcloth hanging down into the tub. Crustaceans love darkness and, crayfish being a member of that family of shelled creatures, they did not waste a moment in taking advantage of this heaven-sent opportunity. They climbed up the cloth ladder, crawled down the water pipe, and hid themselves by twos and threes in the corners of the room; that was all the story behind this stormy scene. Never, ever in my life was I more surprised and it still remains as the most unforgettable memory of my career.

Pan washing and the peril of Spartan blows

MY FAMILY OWNED a restaurant in Takefu, Fukui Prefecture. They

prepared food for the Officer's Club of the 36th Regiment in Sabae City. Employees of the restaurant occasionally took me to the regiment for a visit. On one of those visits—it happened to be Army Day—I peeped into the back of a dining hall and spotted some interesting foreign-looking food arranged on the table. "What sort of dishes are these?" I asked the soldier who was preparing them. He told me that this was Western food. I was captured then and there by the look and smell of it and have been ever since.

My long cherished dream to study Western cooking in Tōkyō came true in 1902; I was reaching the age of fourteen. I went through intensive training for three years at the food service division of the Peers' Club (formerly Rokumeikan) and spent two years each at the Seiyōken in Tsukiji and Tōyōken in Mita.

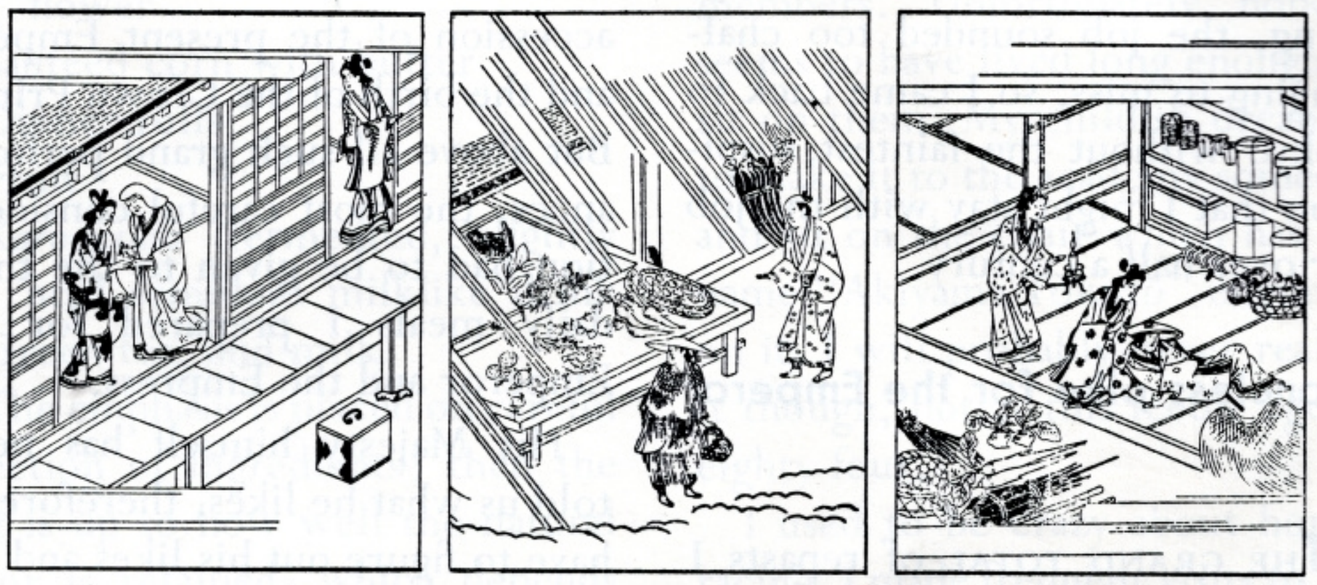
In the initial stages I had to wash pots and pans day after day, and received a rain of fists for whatever little mistakes I made. When I acquired some skill, I was ordered to cook the same old dish again and again. The chief cook kept the full course recipes to himself in his private room, he never allowed us to even look at them.

One day I caused quite a commotion. I could no longer contain my desire to get a look at the classified recipes and broke into the chief cook's room through the window. It took a thief in those days to learn the secret ingredients of the chefs-d'oeuvre.

Between the cooking lessons, I took private lessons in French. I could not possibly have carried such a heavy load if I hadn't had my youthful energy.

By the time I mastered the ABC's of Western cooking, I was anxious to visit the home of Western cooking for more advanced study. My father was kind enough to provide the funds and, I made the first bold jump, to Berlin; I was twenty and the year was 1909. Travel wasn't the comfortable pastime then that it is today and I sat many days on the Trans-Siberian Railway. When I finally arrived at the Japanese Embassy in Berlin, I was so happy I could almost have died of contentment on the spot.

After three years of practice at a hotel in Berlin, I moved on to Paris and studied like mad. There was nobody to teach me the dishes and I had to be my own teacher, constantly being alert and stealing whatever tricks of the trade I could pick up from my superiors. Even today I believe that Japanese have



The young and protected grocer's daughter Oshichi fell in love the moment she took the splinter from the finger of the handsome samurai youth whose patrician family, like her own plebian one, had taken refuge in the temple from the fearsome fire. And then Kichisaburō visited her house in disguise and they were able to consummate their affection. But laws and society forbade their attachment. At last, driven to desperation by her overruling passion, Oshichi decided on a horrible plan. . . .

It's Time Their Stories Were Told

The women of Japan have often been depicted as weak, helpless feminine things fawning behind fans. But that is because no one told the true stories of how imaginative, creative women made their own sometimes very powerful place in Japanese history. Some like Kasuga no Tsuboné rose to positions where their actions could decide the future of the Shōgunate. Some like Okuni and Yosano Akiko ignored the bounds of society to forge new directions in the arts. Some rose above it all to near-beatitude like Hosokawa Gracia. Many of their stories end in tragedy, though by no means all.

We decided it's time their stories were told. And so we offer you the book.

HER PLACE IN THE SUN; *Women Who Shaped Japan,*

the first of a series of historical publications by The East.
Please use the order card provided on page 66.

the ingenuity and quickness to learn to make them the world's most highly skilled cooks.

About the time I started to feel comfortably settled in Paris, the Japanese Ambassador visited me and tried to talk me into coming back to serve in preparing the coronation banquet. I hated to leave Paris, which I loved very much, but somebody who had been very good to me asked me especially and I couldn't say no. More than anything, the job sounded too challenging to miss, so I came back to Tōkyō without the faintest suspicion that I might stay with the job for over half a century.

Boneless pike for the Emperor

THE GRAND TOTAL of repasts I have prepared for the Emperor comes to the astonishing total of fifty and some thousand in the past fifty-eight years. It does sound like an overwhelming figure. The hardest time of all those long years of service came during World War II and immediately after the surrender. The worst food shortage struck the nation at that time; yet the Emperor absolutely refused to allow us to get anything on the black market. It was a sensible decision when I come to think of it, but all the ingenuity in the world couldn't help me compensate for the poor rationed food and lack of ingredients. The Emperor lost considerable weight, probably because of the poor diet but more so with concern over the people's suffering; it broke my heart.

When the War came to an end, Mr. Pauley, an American special envoy in charge of war reparations, was invited over to the Palace to dine. He seemed to have enjoyed my cooking and remarked that he wanted to take me back to the States as his personal chef. The head of the Imperial Household Agency of the time retorted, "If you would care to hire him in exchange for the Japanese reparations for the War, I might ask the chef what he would say." Later when I was told of this exchange, I was astounded, yet was happy and grateful for what the remark implied.

Along with the coronation banquet of the Emperor Taishō, other major repasts I was responsible for were the banquets to celebrate the accession of the present Emperor and the birth of the Crown Prince. But above all such grand performances, the most careful consideration had to be given to the three daily meals I prepared for the Emperor and the Empress.

His Majesty himself has never told us what he likes, therefore we have to figure out his likes and dislikes. When he was young, he appreciated meat dishes and with the passing of his youth, began to prefer plainly seasoned Japanese dishes. The court physician discourages an excessive meat diet lest the Emperor should gain too much weight. We are very careful about that.

Fish is the Emperor's favorite, not only the expensive fishes such as red snapper and halibut. He also likes to eat such ordinary fishes as sardines and pike. Of all of them, *Sanma* or pike is his special delight; however the pike the Emperor enjoys, I am sorry to confess, is always gutted and its bones taken out, down to the finest ones. The general rule with cooking is the more you meddle with raw ingredients the more you spoil the dish, and I regret that I have never been able to present him with the true taste of good pike.

It has been the Emperor's habit since his early childhood not to eat any food while it is burning hot. Actually he has never had the chance to try food that is still steaming hot because everything cools off by the time it is carried to his living quarters from the kitchen. I would really like to serve him dishes right off the stove but. . . .

The Emperor ordinarily takes his meals in the Dining room of Fukiagé Palace (the older part of the Imperial Residence where the Emperor spends most of the day), or the dining room in the New Palace (Shĭn Kyūden). Meals are prepared in the kitchen situated in the basement of the New Palace; from there cooks carry them up to the dining room or transport them by car to Fukiagé Palace depending on where His Majesty is dining. A few food service officers of the Imperial Household Agency receive the food, and several other attendants (women) wait on the table.

Sometimes I feel sorry for the Emperor because calory and dietetic considerations come before taste in preparation of his meals. The difficulties and frustrations of a Court chef lie somewhere in these restraints.

A chef is like a park planner

THE GREATEST banquet I have ever managed is without question the ceremonial banquet commemorating the 2600th year (A.D. 1940) after the accession of the Emperor Jimmu, the (mythological) first Emperor of Japan. Some 50,000 guests were invited to this banquet.

But of course, such an occasion arises very seldom. The more frequent dinners for distinguished officials of the government and the dignitaries and delegations of foreign nations are not to be overlooked.

Coming up with a different menu on each of these occasions is painstaking work; I spend night and day thinking of what to serve. I'll serve this dish and that soup. . . . It is a good thing to be preoccupied

with the menu like that. The dishes become almost like close friends and when the general picture of the entire course takes clear shape in my mind the work is almost done.

In other words, setting up a menu means programming and composing a dinner. It is just like planning a pleasant park; you cannot make a park simply by planting a row of zelkova trees no matter how lofty and beautiful. You have to have flowers to accentuate the space, you need elements that are nothing by themselves, like grasses and shrubs, to create a truly harmonious garden. The same is true with human beings. If all men were great, there would be no heros anymore; a jewel shines against the pebble stones. If every dish on the table has its own strong and totally distinctive taste, they will overstimulate the tongue and cross each other out instead of blending into an orchestrated whole. So I pay extra attention to the harmony, and when my guests empty their plates, I feel full of satisfaction; you might call that a chef's favorite taste!

If you think that the Emperor always eats rare delicacies you are wrong. On the contrary, his meals are not at all different from those prepared in an average middle class family, as you can see from a typical menu:

Breakfast:
- Oatmeal seasoned with milk and sugar
- Toasted bread with jam and butter
- Creamed baby turnips
- Lettuce salad
- Fruit
- Cooled boiled water, green tea, and milk

Lunch:
- Fish-based soup with white kelp
- Rice
- Raw *fistularia petimba* (fish similar to the stickleback) with *wasabi*, Japanese horse-radish
- Stewed *yatsugashira* (a sort of taro) flavored with soy sauce
- Sautéed field peas with butter
- Pickles
- Fruit
- Green tea, and milk

Dinner:
- Soup
- Paupiette deveau aux primeurs (veal cooked in foil)
- Garnished with carrots and cauliflower
- Sautéed corn with butter
- Dinner rolls
- Fruit
- *Karuguruto* (fermented, slightly acid semifluid milklike drink
- Green tea, and milk

The emphasis is placed on careful selection of ingredients; then the rest is up to how well the natural flavor is retained, which depends of course on how much you put your heart in your cooking. A cook can't prepare a masterpiece with skill alone; his soul must be reflected in its taste. This applies to home cooking as well, and it has been my motto all through my career.

A little puffing about myself

THERE IS ONE award I am really proud of, and that is an honorable membership to the Académie Culinaire de France, the most distinguished honor in French cooking. The unanimous consent of the fifty full members is necessary to be nominated for the award. As far as I know, I am the only person from Japan; there are two from France, one from the United States, altogether only ten people or so in the whole world who have been awarded this honor. When I learned about my nomination last February, I was quite ecstatic. I could have never attained such a distinguished title if it were not for His Majesty. If I had not been the Grand Court Chef of the Imperial Household Agency, I could not possibly have become a nominee for the award regardless of how famous the restaurant I may have worked for.

This award is often presented subsequent to the passing of a master chef. The academy has chairs, the backs of which are engraved with the names of honorable members. Unfortunately nobody seems to have lived long enough to sit on them. My childish dream is to make it to the academy someday and sit on the chair which has my name "Akiyama Tokuzō" engraved on it. I will probably never realize it though, not at this feeble age of eighty-four.

I used to be crazy about horse-racing. I made frequent visits to the race track with equally horse-crazy writers like Kikuchi Kan and Yoshikawa Eiji. Euphemistically speaking, I am just like a race horse that's been put out to pasture. What I want to do now is to regain my strength by gulping lots of fresh green grass so that I can be of service to the Emperor again.

Through the kind arrangement of the Imperial Household Agency, I have been given a position as an unattached Court official which entitles me to keep the private room I was given as the Grand Chef, and they tell me to take it easy and do whatever I wish. The Emperor himself also put in a kind word saying that I could serve him whenever I felt like doing so. I come into the kitchen every day, because I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I stayed at home. It has been and always will be my pleasure to contribute what little skill and experience I have to preparing more enjoyable repasts for the Emperor.

(from Bungei Shunjū, Jan., 1973)

Kurashiki, Little Venice of Japan

An old style house near Ima Bashi. The designs on the bridge were carved by Kojima Torajirō.

FOUR HOURS and ten minutes on the New Tōkaidō Line west from Tōkyō takes you to a station called Okayama, the end of the line. Another 15 minutes to the west and an express train deposits you in Kurashiki, a regional city with a population of 370,000.

The street scene sprawling in front of the station is just a jumble, a disorderly, crowded town with nothing distinctive about it at all. Another little country town suddenly grown big with the opening of a new railway.

But walk through the town about 1 km to the south; a small river runs through a flock of 50 or 60 private homes. Except for the electric wires you could think you were back in the Edo Period, when this bourgeois town of prosperous merchants bustled with commercial enterprises. Kurashiki remains as it was, like a part of a human body which simply stopped growing.

The Kurashiki River which weaves its leisurely way through this little Venice of Japan is 12 to 13 meters wide and runs through a canal into the Seto Inland Sea. Its banks reinforced with stone, the canal served as Kurashiki's commercial artery until the new railway (the Sanyō Line) went through.

A native of the city explains, "Kurashiki was once a central metropolis, where all the rice yielded by the surrounding fertile plain was gathered to be transported to Osaka and Edo. It was busy and thriving then. Look, you can see here on the stone-paved lane between those white-walled storehouses, the lines of stones run parallel like railroad tracks. They were laid to make it easier to haul heavy carts full of rice up to the storehouse from the canal, and back down to the canal from the storehouse."

There is a stone bridge called Naka-bashi in the middle of the town where the canal changes direction. This quarter was the main docking area in the old days. Built in the late Edo Period, Naka-bashi consists of one granite stone which was carried in by boat at high tide. The grade is too steep for automobiles. At the foot of the bridge, a lantern from the Edo Period still burns all night every night, and no tourist worthy of the name could come here without taking some souvenir pictures; they stand on the bridge by turns taking one another's picture against the background of Kurashiki Archaeological Museum with its antique country home style facade. The place often appears in period films and samurai movies as a street scene of the Edo Period.

Most of the houses on both sides of the Kurashiki River were once the flourishing headquarters of rich and active business tycoons. Each one of the houses is white-washed, roofed in *Hongawara* style (rows of plate tiles and channel tiles placed by turns) and has a second story with small windows. So simple in appearance, these houses are actually very substantially built. The stout rice granaries and other storehouses standing in clean, strong rows on both sides of the narrow alleys summon up the wealth and vitality of the once-flourishing merchant city.

People say that the merchants sent especially for skilled shipbuilders living on the Shiwaku Islands in the Seto Inland Sea, to come and build their houses. First, they set to constructing the roughly hewn and substantial wooden beams. For the wall, they wove fine strips of bamboo and bound these with hemp-palm ropes to serve as a framework. Over the framework, wall plaster was applied again and again in layers, until the wall thickness reached 20 centimeters or more. Moreover, in order to protect the wall from the dampness characteristic of the climate in the Seto Inland Sea district, tiles were laid over the white wall surface in straight or oblique lines. The result is a beautiful and rich design.

Ohara Family

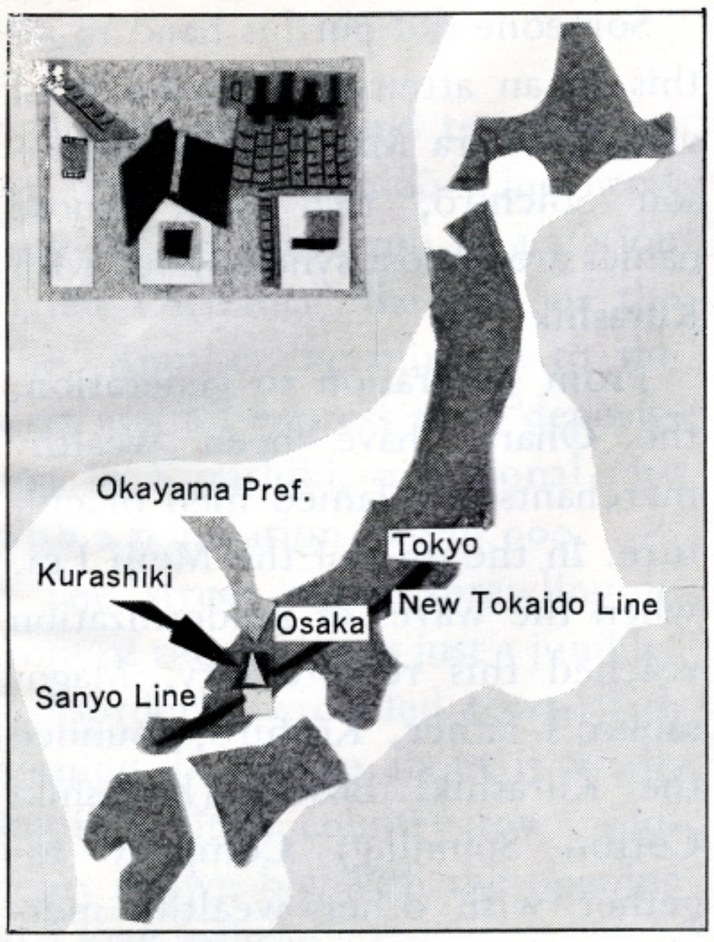
THE *Kurashiki Fubutsu-shi* Kurashiki, The Country and the People—(Publication of the Asahi Newspaper Company) describes one man's impressions of Kurashiki.

"—The city of Kurashiki strikes one as somehow strange. This is not only because it has retained its original, old appearance, but also because of a certain artificiality in the whole scene. When one visits a movie set where the scene of a former age is reproduced exactly it is not necessary to bother walking around behind the set to gain a feeling of detachment and emptiness. This emptiness arises from the recognition that the scene has been artificially created. At the same time, the movie set interests us by virtue of its artificiality, which the original scene can never do. Standing by the canal in Kurashiki produces almost the same feeling. As though all this has been re-created. As though someone had put his hand to all this in an attempt to make valuable what is no longer needed."

Someone did put his hand to all this in an attempt to make it of value—Ohara Magosaburō and his son Sōichirō, two men whose names are almost synonymous with Kurashiki.

From generation to generation, the Oharas have been wealthy merchants and famed men of culture. In the 20's of the Meiji Era, when the waves of modernization reached this remote city, Magosaburō's father, Kōshirō, founded the Kurashiki Bōseki (Kurashiki Cotton Spinning) Company together with other wealthy merchants of the district. This area was

The white walls of Kurashiki's old residences reflect a sunny peacefulness that seems ageless and almost unreal. Kurashiki's sister city in the United States is Kansas City, Missouri.



originally a wide cotton-producing zone, and they made cotton spinning the family industry. Situated within easy reach of the sea, the sandy soil was of fine quality and of sufficient salinity to make it the most suitable soil for cotton cultivation.

The successor, Magosaburō, expanded the business and, anticipating the wide dissemination of chemical fibers, established the Kurashiki Rayon Company. Thus the Ohara family rose from wealthy merchants to big capitalists in the textiles industry.

Magosaburō watched the way the opening of the Sanyō Line in 1891 encouraged the area along the railway to develop rapidly while the old town of Kurashiki, which depended upon water transport by the canal, was left behind to stagnate in its past. Determined not to see the city die, he expended a colossal sum from his private funds on the area. He established the Agricultural Research Institute (the present Agrobiology Research Institute of Okayama University), Institute for Social Problems, Institute for Science of Labor, Kurashiki Central Hospital, and Astronomical Observatory one after another. Finally in the 5th year of Shōwa (1930), the famous Ohara Art Museum was opened. Through this man's almost singlehanded efforts, old Kurashiki became the largest cultural center in western Japan.

The Ohara Art Museum represents the crystallization of Magosaburō's endeavor as well as his passion for Western painting masterpieces, which had been little accumulated then in Japan. He built quite a grand collection.

An artist of Western paintings named Kojima Torajirō, whom Magosaburō had favored as early as his art student days, assiduously collected the major portion of the exhibits. Magosaburō sent him to Europe many a time to give him further chances to study art and to collect masterpieces in behalf of his patron. Magosaburō thus gave him access to an unlimited sum of money and left the selection entirely up to Torajirō's judgement. Torajirō came home with "The Annunciation" by El Greco, the "Water Lilies" by Jean Monet and a host of other fine works.

Soichirō, Magosaburō's son, followed in his father's footsteps and enriched the art treasurehouse, adding fine arts of the 19th and 20th centuries to the museum. The building became over-crowded by the early sixties, and an annex was built on the south of the main wing. He also built, one after another, museums devoted to ceramic art, woodblock prints, printed textiles and paper, and oriental art. The ceramics museum houses works of Bernard Leach, Tomimoto Kenji, Kawai Kanjirō, Hamada Shōji (the big four master potters), and others. The gallery of woodblock prints exhibits masterworks of Munakata Shikō, and the museum of printed textile and paper displays the works of Serizawa Keisuké and others. Common to all these museums is the aesthetic and exciting manner of display which almost seems to strike sparks out of the masterpieces.

Kurayashiki, mansions built by the prosperous merchants of the Edo Period which have outlived their use, were converted to museums, with every effort made to preserve their old-time appearance; they match elegantly with the fine time-honored neighborhood residences and storehouses. The museum complex and the area surrounding it preserve the atmosphere of a worthy cultural heritage.

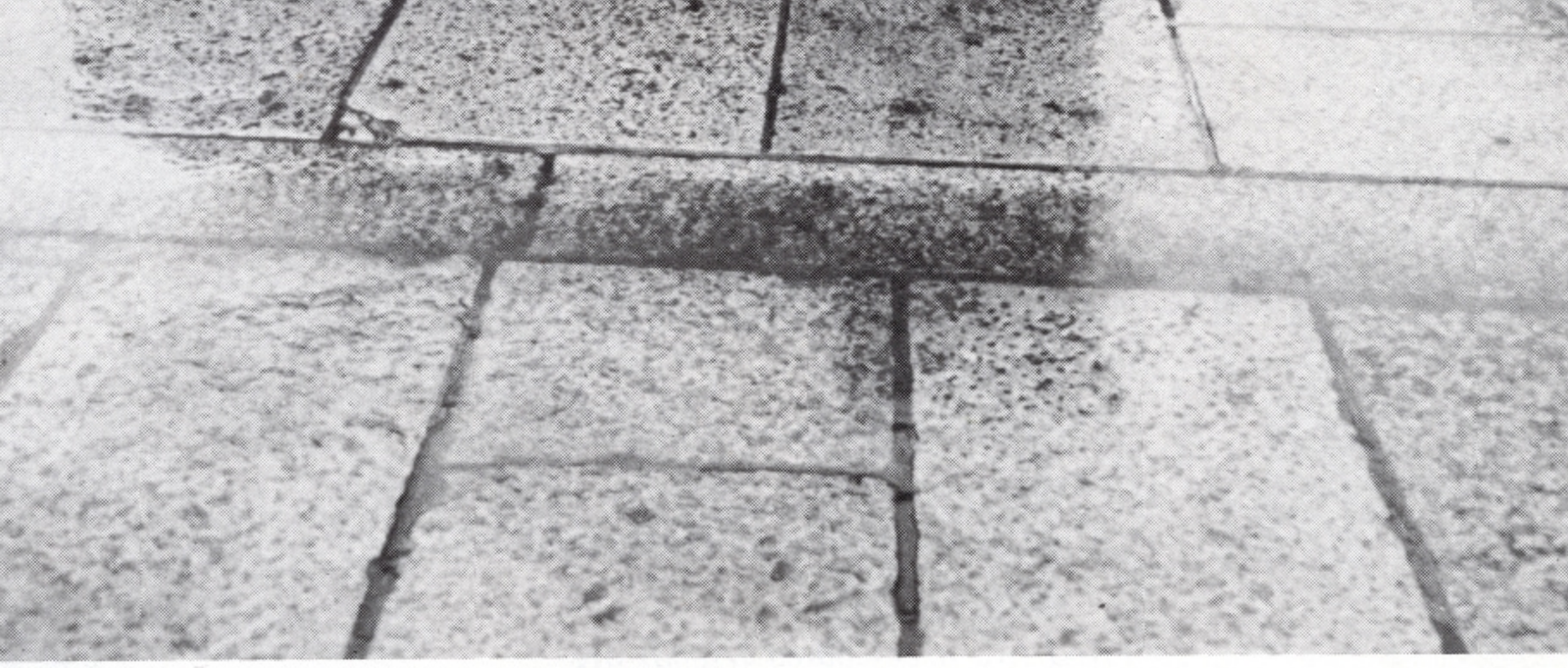
The Ohara family, both Magosaburō and his son Sōichirō, in two generations have accomplished marvels. Developing Kurashiki into a pivotal industrial city, saving the older side of the city from desolation and grafting modern culture onto it harmoniously—for all these Kurashiki is indebted to them. Kurashiki, once a commercial center for rice trade, re-emerges today as the home of modern art.

Kurashiki Folk Art Museum

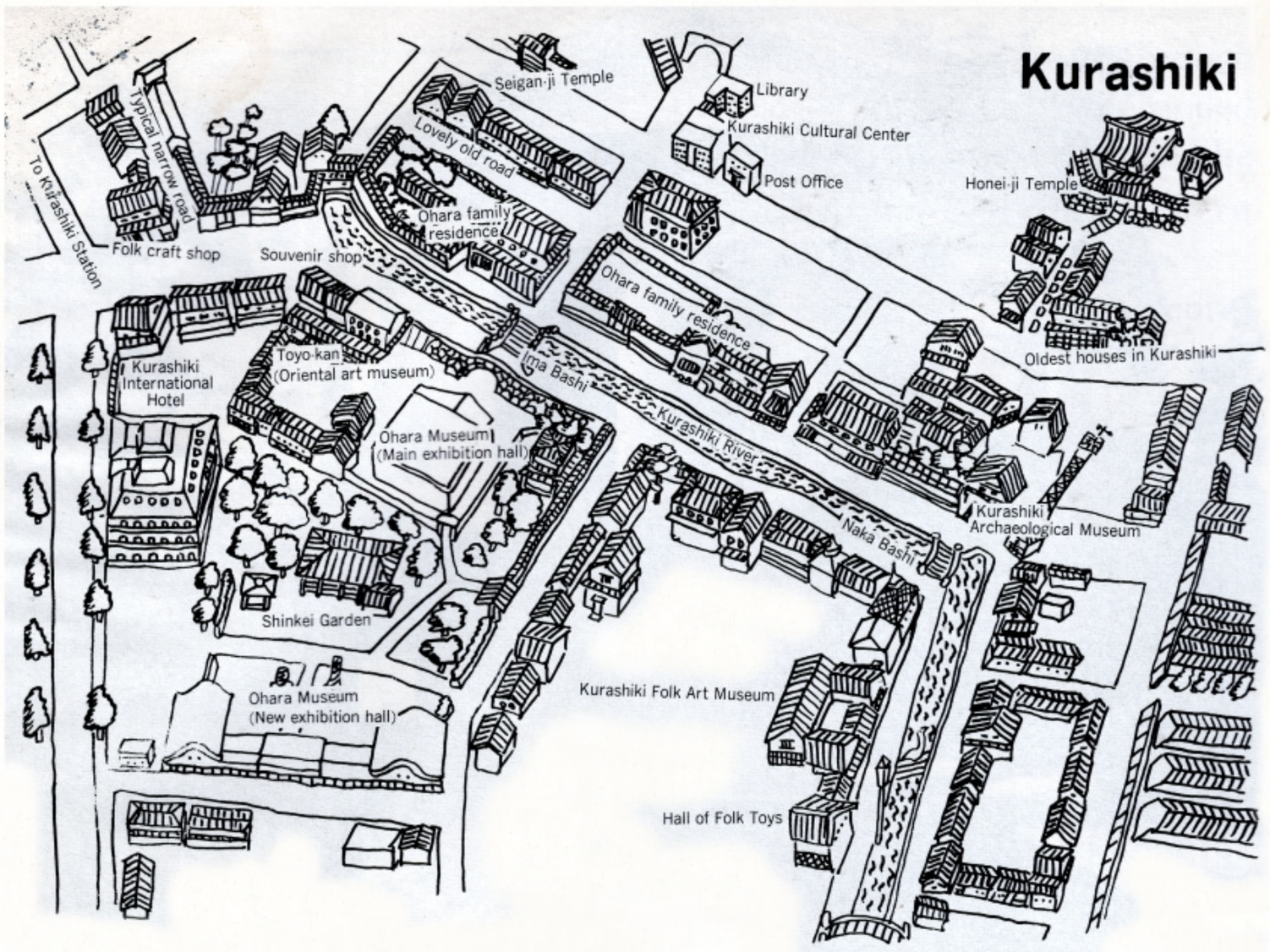
About a hundred meters from the Ohara Art Museum alongside the winding canal stands the Kurashiki Folk Art Museum, the center for the Japanese folk art movement.

A folk art movement started here after the war spreading the idea that the charm of folk art comes out in everyday usage, "beauty that gleams with service," a different manner of art appreciation from pieces of fine art which are *objects* to be looked at. With the growing popularity of the movement, folk art, which till then had not even been considered an art, was finally given its place as beauty for daily use, and the ingenious works of the obscure artists of the time were given appropriate recognition. Kurashiki Folk Art Museum was established

Before the entrance to the Ohara Art Museum stands the sculpture of "John the Baptist" by Rodin; the "Citizens of Calais," also by Rodin, is on the right. ↑



El Greco's masterpiece "The Annunciation" is one of the many fine Western paintings on display in the Ohara Art Museum. ⟶



in 1948 as a precious product of the movement.

Four storehouses that once stocked up abundant trade items were remodeled into the museum. The buildings preserve the refined architectural beauty peculiar to old Japanese houses that makes foreign visitors without exception catch their breath and applaud the authentic little piece of Japan they find there.

One of the wings faces the canal, and at the window side of its second floor hangs a framed poem autographed by Edmond Blunden:

A Glimpse

White walls with their black
outlines.
The vista of the courtyard, the
clear gateway;
A red-cheeked child looks through,
there,
And two grey-coated friends are
talking;
Further, the quietly gleaming trees
of roofs,
And tufted pinetrees, and the larger
calm.

At the Kurashiki
Folk Crafts Museum
from a grateful visitor

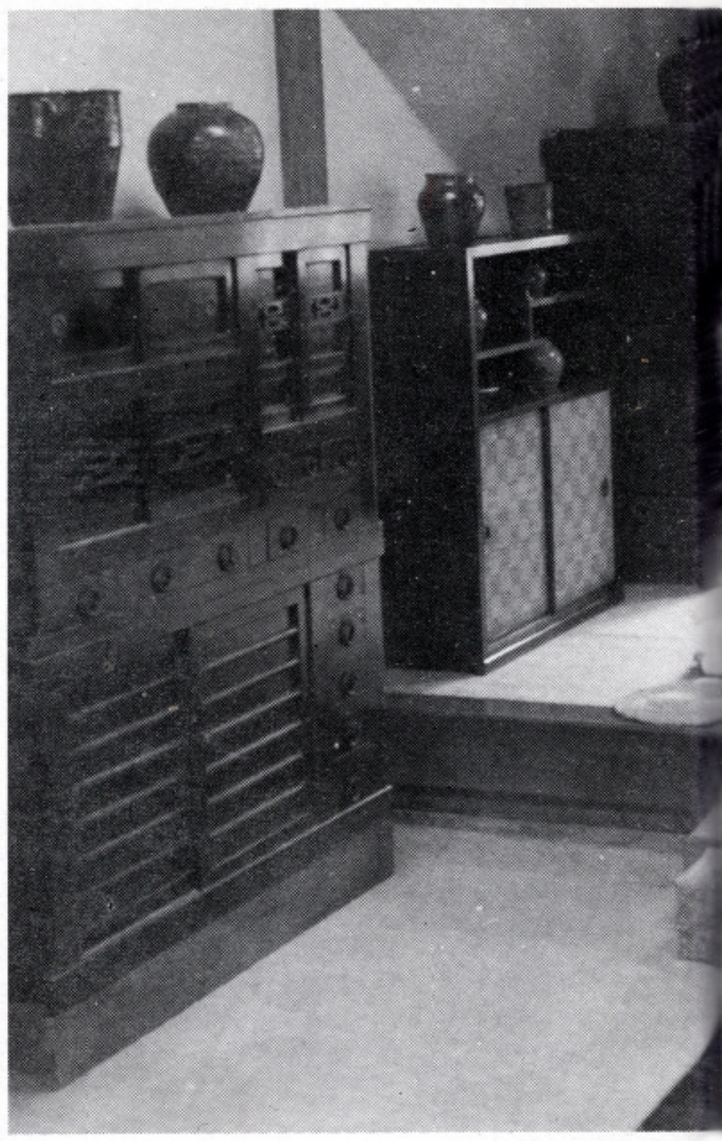
to the kind Curator
Kichinosuke Tonomura,
from Edmund and Claire
Blunden

The museum maintains over 7,000 items in its possession, ranging from pottery, rugs, decorated mats, woodcraft, bamboo craft, stonecraft, printed textiles, weaving, to rice paper—Japanese folk art of all ages and some from other countries as well. The masterworks by the unknown artists speak for themselves with their energetic and robust beauty.

This museum differs from the ordinary museum where visitors only walk and look at the displays. Here, participation is encouraged, and craftsmanship of various handicrafts is often demonstrated. The head of the museum Mr. Tonomura himself is occasionally seen at work on the loom weaving subtly radiant cloth, and chatting with the visitors. The Handicraft Research Center of the museum provides lessons to many young women who have come from all over the nation to learn hand-dyeing and hand-weaving using cotton (the most common thread), silk, linen, and wool. The weaving done at this center conveys a heavy touch of homespun.

The biggest folk art museum of all is Nihon (Japan) Folk Art Museum of Komaba, Tōkyō, which was established in 1946. Though large, it may be called an ordinary museum in the sense that the art on display is there only to be looked at, whereas the one in Kurashiki is the leading center of the folk art movement. Here masterworks are not only exhibited but are still being produced. Kurashiki teaches the *raison d'être* of folk art by giving life to everyday beauty now as in the past.

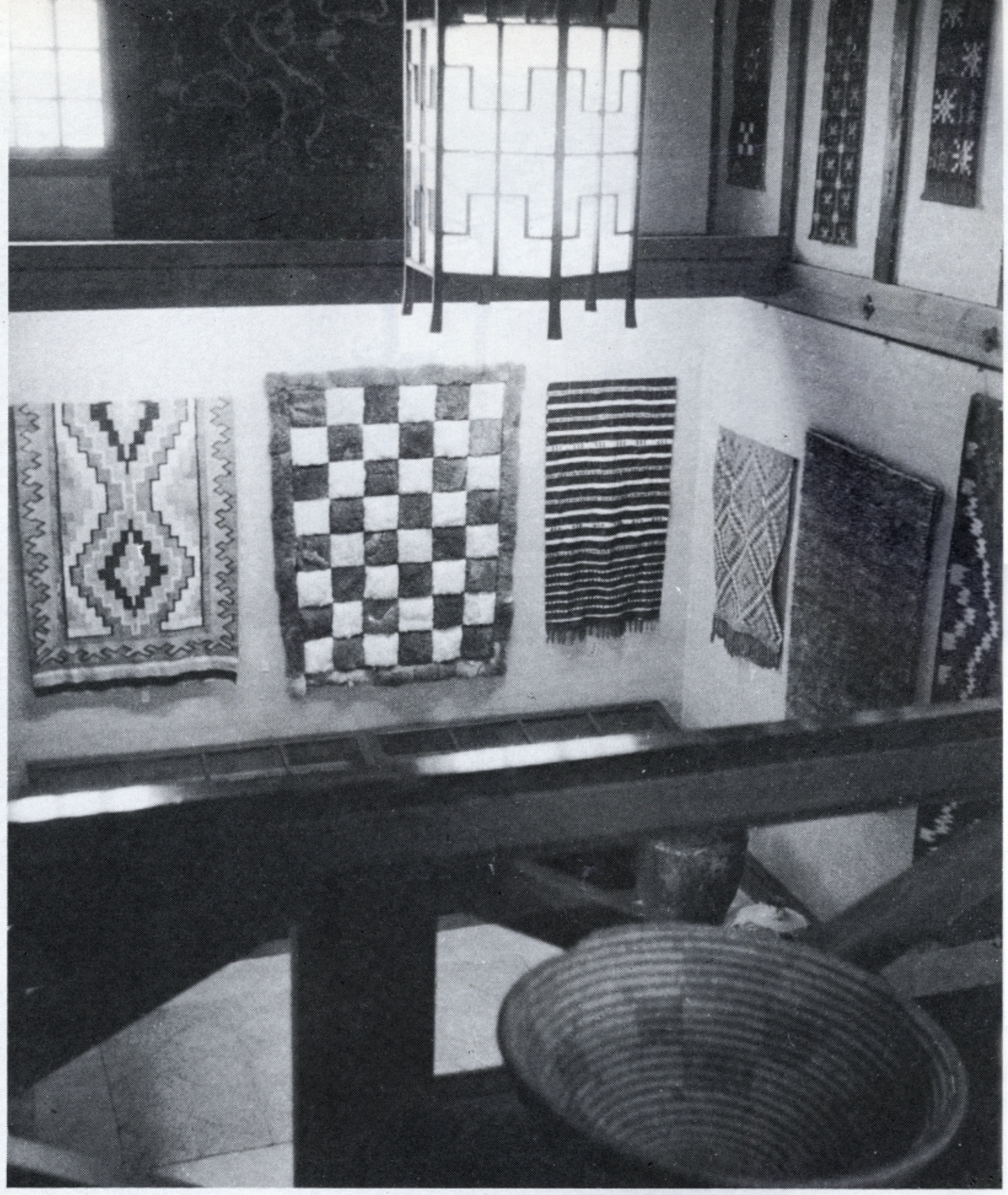
THE EAST, Vol. IX No. 4, April, 1973



↑ *Furniture on display inside the Folk Art Museum*

The room devoted to dyeing and weaving crafts in the Folk Art Museum ⟶

↓ *The Folk Art Museum also houses many articles of bamboocraft.*



It Is Beautiful, Isn't it?

(Thoughts After a Visit To Kurashiki)

by Lucille Harmon

"Beautiful, isn't it!" are words that often fall from the lips of Dr. K. Tomomura as he caresses a skein of home-dyed yarn or a Korean soup bowl, followed by an engaging half-smile which drew me into his world of "folk craft." You too would agree with him even if you did not intend to do so—although I agreed with him instinctively and found that his lectures articulated for me many things I had always felt but did not understand.

For me now, after looking at the Folk Art Museum of Kurashiki, numerous small factories where they produce the local "mingei" (craft of the people), and listening to Dr. Tonomura's lectures, I understand why these objects are so beautiful. Now I even understand why I love my few pieces of cheap Mexican pottery and suddenly recognize a new beauty in the straw wastebasket I bought in Ensenada. Did you realize that even brooms and rakes can be beautiful?

Presented with the cooperation of Kurashiki City.

There are five principles of folk craft: (A) it's work of the people, (B) it is usable, (C) it is made in quantity and reproduceable, (D) it is inexpensive, and (E) it is the result of cooperative effort.

It is literally work of, for, and by the people. The common folk who produce it are totally unself-conscious of their art. It never occurred to them that they could not work unless the spirit moved them, and therefore, they create selfless beauty.

It must be usable, reliable, durable, and have the capacity for fulfilling the purpose of the individual. At the same time, "an ugly utensil makes us sad, and consequently we are unable to work as hard." Therefore, it must be pleasing to be really usable.

It must be produced in quantity and be able to be reproduced. Al-

Naka Bashi is a bridge constructed of one block of stone. Behind it the Archaeological Museum houses various artifacts excavated from old tombs and sites in the area. Photograph by J.N.T.O.

though an individual picture may be beautiful, a pattern which may be influenced by it is usable in daily life and therefore equally as beautiful. As an example, Dr. Tonomura showed a dish with a pattern on it, a simplified version of a far more intricate design, which the craftsman was able to apply in 20 seconds. Because he could reproduce it over and over again, it became a part of him—not a single act of inspiration. Such objects are not meant merely to please the eye but also lend themselves to the needs of man. Therefore, he feels they are even more beautiful.

It must be inexpensive; the cheaper, the better so that all people can afford to enjoy it. As Dr. Tonomura says, why not have enough beauty for everyone? "Because many are made, they are cheap. Because they are cheap, many are made" is a cycle which is very important to man's economy.

Finally he stresses that mingei objects are not the product of an isolated and helpless person. First we are influenced by our ancestors, and our traditions. The craftsman is the engine that gives drive to the craft, otherwise products degenerate into a repetition of the old. Also the craftsman is influenced horizontally by his contemporaries. Therefore, he must be humble and his art selfless.

The primary difference between "fine" art (jō te mono) and "folk" art (ge te mono) is the motive. Philosophically the difference can be expressed in this way: "I think, therefore I create." versus "The real way of life requires, therefore we make."

Dr. Yanagi Sōetsu outlined this theory of folk craft in the book *The Unknown Craftsman* which was recommended by the leader of our tour, Michael Gorman, and which I surely will read. Dr. Yanagi and Dr. Tonomura helped found the folk craft movement in Japan and have greatly encouraged local craftsmen to keep up their crafts. Dr. Yanagi explains that the beautiful life should exist not only for those with lots of money and time. Even common folk can enjoy simple, useful, pleasing objects which make life more beautiful.

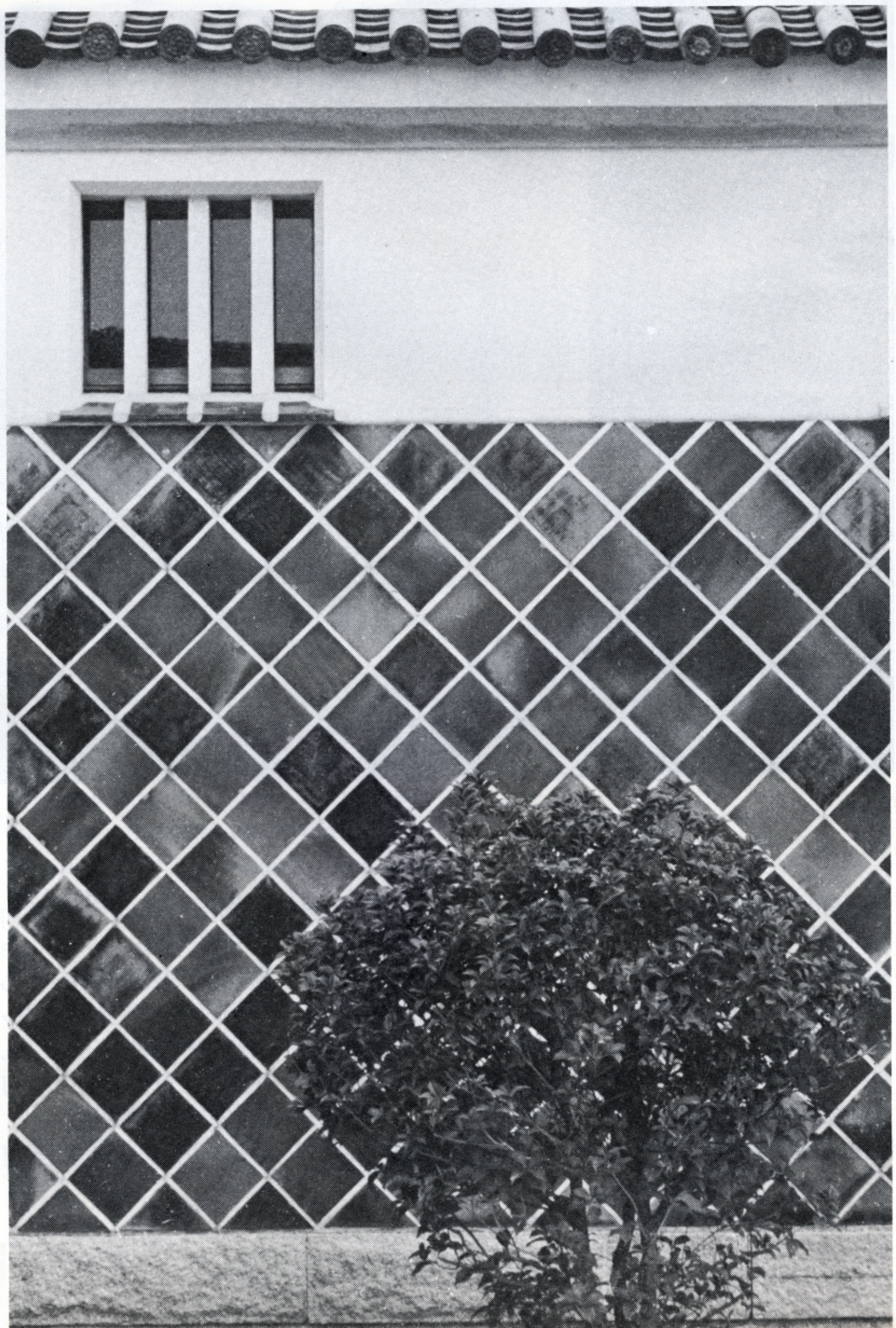
Dr. Tonomura loves Okinawa best. He says they have the best pottery, the best weaving, the best singing, the best food, and the best spirit of mingei. I must go there soon to absorb some of that spirit for my work. I hope soon to be able to feel what he means when he says Chinese pottery is strong, Japanese soft or calm, and Korean lonesome.

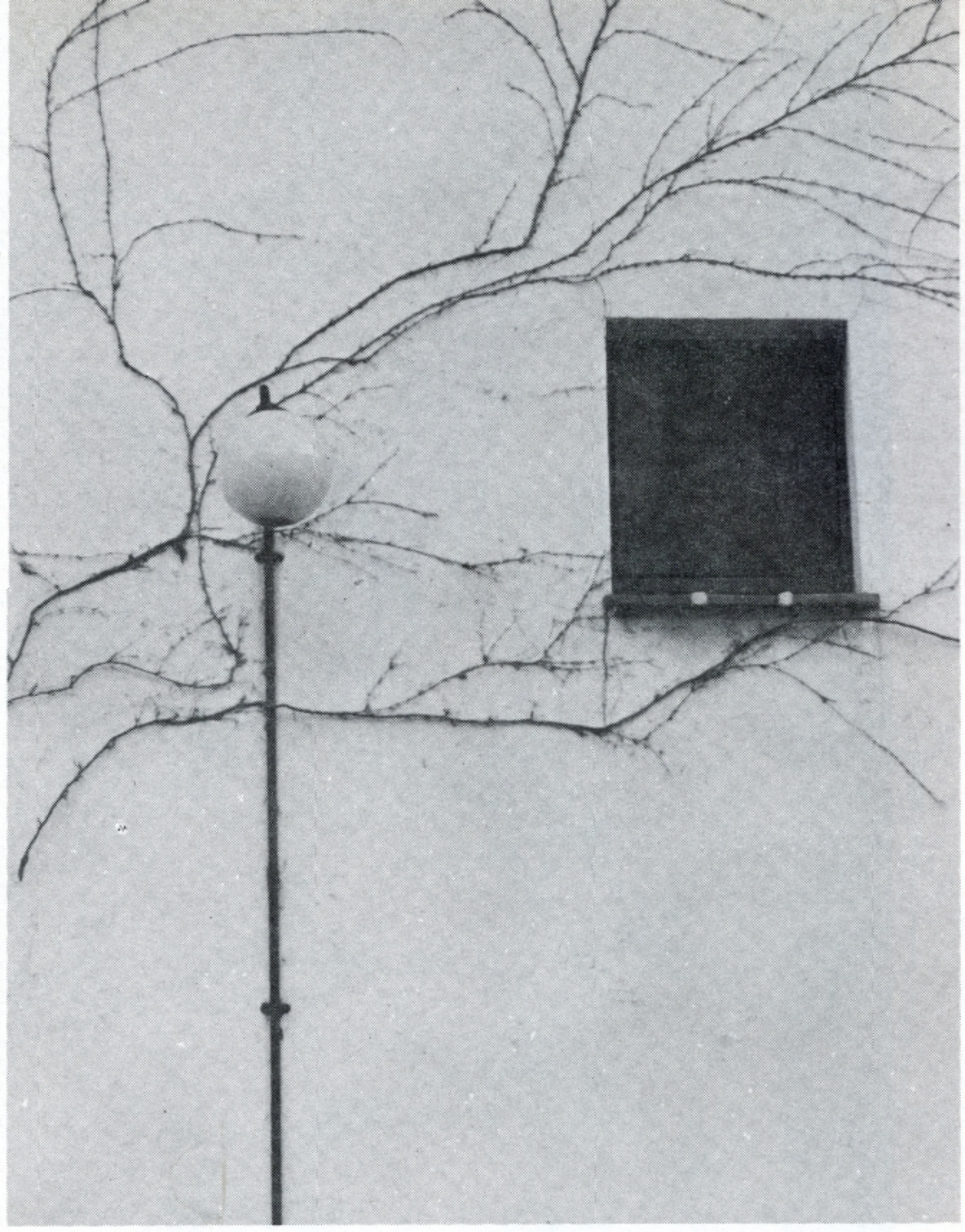
There is currently a "mingei boom", and Hamada, the famous potter, has written that any shop which advertises mingei probably doesn't have it. However, the best shop in Kurashiki is said to be Kura, located on the street alongside the river; and the best shop in Tokyo is said to be Takumi, near the American Embassy. Another very practical bit of information I learned: to preserve tansu, wood and metal alike, use tsubaki abura (camelia oil).

Michael Gorman is an unusual travel agent. He radiates a personal interest in the folk crafts of this area and real affection shines forth on his face when he talks to or about Dr. Tonomura. He also is knowledgeable about the other museums in Kurashiki including the Ohara Art Museum and the Kurashiki Archaeological Museum, the tour of which serves as an introduction to the trip through the land of the ancient Kibi culture. He is in the process of developing an archeological and an agricultural tour now. However, I thought the most charming museum in town was the Provincial Toys Museum. I even was able to find a gift there for the man—or woman—who has everything.

I have always wanted to create in some way but was hampered by what I considered to be a lack of artistic talent. Furthermore I did not emotionally comprehend what beautiful useful objects meant to me. As a matter of fact, my "puritan" upbringing tended to make me feel guilty about possessing beautiful things. Now I feel differently, and I am intent on learning to weave. Dr. Tonomura has promised to give me the name of one of his students who now lives in Tokyo. I can weave many useful, beautiful objects for my own home. I'm anxious to get started!

Perhaps the most beautiful part of my visit was Dr. Tonomura himself—a weaver by trade and the founder of the Kurashiki Folk Art





Photographs by
Bruce Darling

Museum. He radiates warmth, love for his art, and a sincerity and a vitality of person which I have not often had the pleasure of enjoying. He is an old man but very alive and full of humor and good humor. By all rights in less than a year when he is 75, he should be declared a "Living National Treasure" (a delightful custom the Japanese have), but he may not be so honored because he has been a little too un-Japanese, direct and critical at times—especially of the Ohara family—a wealthy and politically powerful family who essentially own Kurashiki and one of whose daughters has recently married into the Royal Family. Listening to and learning from Dr. Tonomura was almost a spiritual experience, and one that I shall not soon forget. 園

The Story of the Taima Mandara

Handscroll, mid-13th century (Kamakura Period)
48.8 cm high Possession of Kōmyō-ji Temple, Kamakura

A CERTAIN TEMPLE on the outskirts of Nara—Taima-dera—houses a very important work of Buddhist art, a silk tapestry four meters square known as the *Taima Mandara*. The tapestry pictures the Pure Land Paradise of the Buddha Amida (Amitābha) with Amida in the center surrounded by the many Buddhas and bodhisattvas, the Seven-jewelled Trees of Paradise to the right and left, the Lotus Pond in front and Jeweled Pavilion behind, and the heavenly beings flying about joyously in the void. Although the *Mandara* is assigned by tradition to the year 763, the tapestry as a whole has been quite badly damaged and parts of the extant work have been retouched or replaced.

The *Taima Mandara Engi* depicts the story of how the *Taima Mandara* came into being.

In 763, despite her youth the daughter of a court minister turned to Buddhism and entered Taima-dera, where she prayed earnestly that the Living Buddha Amida be revealed to her. On the seventh day a nun came to her and said that if she really wished to see Amida she should gather together a great many lotus stems. When she had done so the nun made thread from the stems and instructed her attendant to weave a tapestry portraying the Pure Land Paradise. This was the *Taima Mandara*. The nun explained the meaning of the mandara in careful detail and then, revealing her

true identity as the Buddha Amida, sailed off on a five-colored cloud toward the west in the direction of the Pure Land accompanied by her attendant, really the bodhisattva Kannon (Avalokitesvara).

The reverence of the minister's daughter deepened even further after that, and when she lay on her death bed over ten years later Amida and his attendants came down on clouds to meet her and escort her to the Pure Land.

This handscroll measures much wider (48.8 cm) from top to bottom than most other scrolls, which average between 30 and 36–7 cm. The carefully ordered composition, graceful line and tasteful color make it a highly refined painting. Indeed almost too refined, for it lacks motion overall and naturalness. However, this over-tidiness may be due to the religious content and to the fact that the central character is a woman.

The last and most magnificent scene in the scroll shows Amida coming down to meet the dying minister's daughter. The mandara woven of lotus stems hangs before her. As the color photo of the detail demonstrates, gold paint adds richness to the mountains and rocks. 東

May

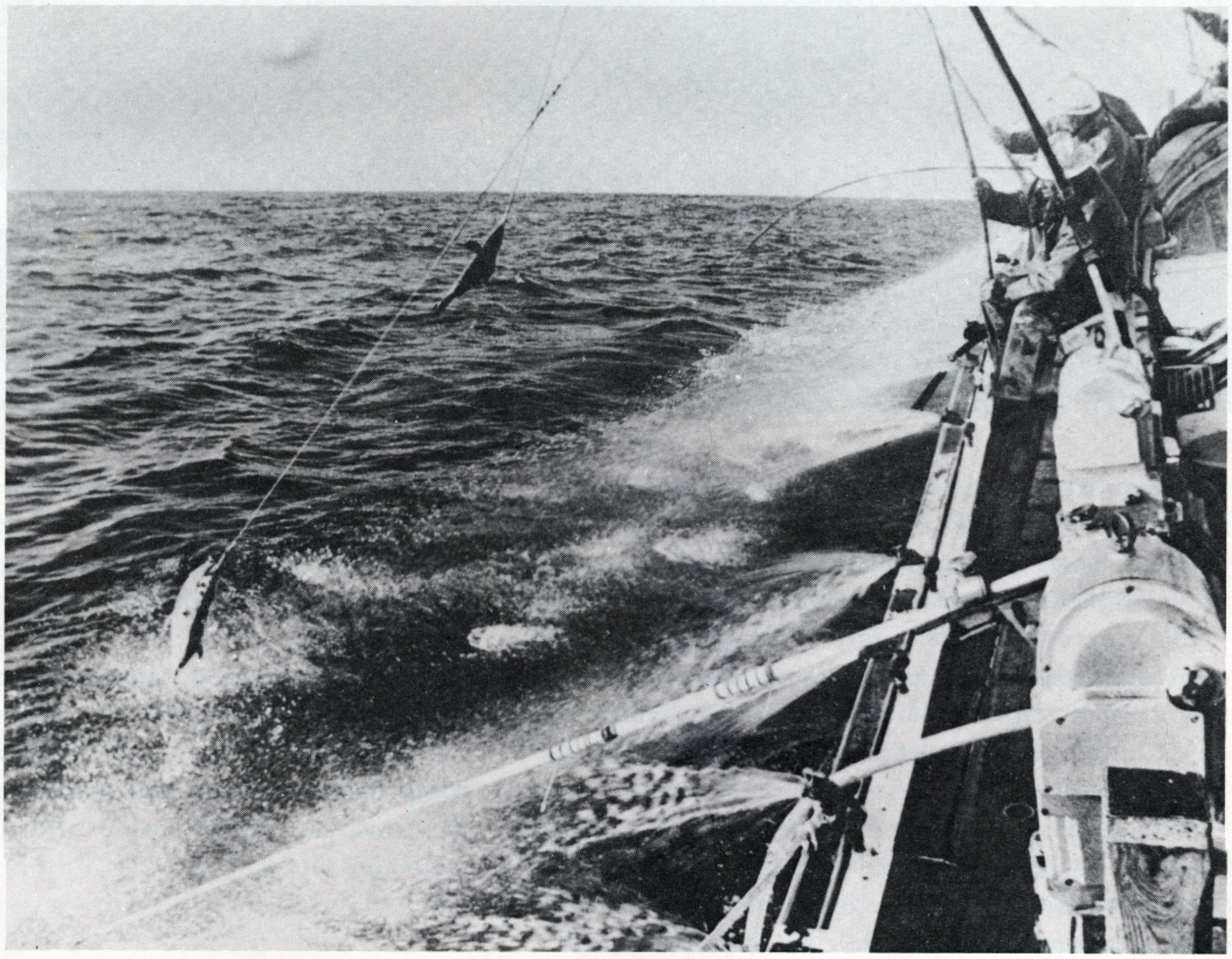
八十八夜 (hachijūhachiya), "the eighty-eighth night" counting from the First Day of Spring (February fourth), falls on May second or third. Around this time, people stop worrying about cold and frost and shed their heavy clothing. The first half of this month is often blessed with breezy, fine weather, specially named 五月晴 *gogatsubaré* or "Clear Skies of May." The average temperature in Tōkyō stays at around 16 to 17 degrees Centigrade (61 to 63° Fahrenheit), neither too cold nor too hot, making this the most comfortable time of the year along with the beautiful autumn.

The Season's First Bonito

AROUND THIS time the boats head out to Sagami Bay in search of the incoming bonito. Shoals of bonito, a migratory fish, gather in the offing of Taiwan toward the end of October each year. Either by voluntary choice or election, a group of these gets selected for a cruise around Japan. This chosen shoal of bonito sets out on the Black Current (*Kuroshio*) for a lengthy trip. The bell-bonito reach the coast of Kagoshima as early as the opening days of the new year.

They keep on swimming north past Tosa and past Kishū, and finally they appear in Sagami Bay from the end of April to early May. It is these bonito fished up in Sagami Bay and brought into Edo (Tōkyō) over the mountains of Hakoné that are called the season's first bonito—*hatsugatsuo*. When this season came, the townsmen of old Edo could not pass a day in peace without tasting the hatsugatsuo; it was a must.

In the Genroku Era (1688–1704), when bonito was quite an expensive fish costing up to what would be about 30,000 yen apiece



in today's currency, Edo townsmen repeated the laconic verse, *manaita ni koban ichimai hatsugatsuo*, マナ板に小判一枚初鰹 "A single gold coin on a cutting board—one hatsugatsuo." In spite of the high prices, the townsmen of Edo felt they could never hold their heads up if May went past without a hatsugatsuo repast. So deep was their hunger for hatsugatsuo, they dared to pawn their wives, or so they say. They were hatsugatsuo-crazy.

Why did bonito become so precious? The answer takes us back eight hundred years to the Kamakura Period. *Bushi* or samurai of those days enjoyed plays on words that made things sound like good omens. Of course the basic occupation of *bushi*, being warriors, was to fight and win battles. Hence came the esteem for any words read *katsu*, meaning "to win." Prime example: bonito, 鰹 *katsuo* (*katsu-o*). The sound *katsu* can be written with the characters 勝男—勝, "to win," and 男, "man," a common ending for boys' names; i.e., "the man who wins." During the long peace of the Edo Period, the custom of eating *hatsugatsuo* not only spread among bushi but was also adopted by the townsmen with ebullient enthusiasm. The "katsu" in *hatsugatsuo* (*hatsu-katsuo*) promised victory in fights, wagers, and business.

The lingering sound of "katsu" has left its legacy in a mighty and unswerving zeal for hatsugatsuo. Even today, bonito-*sushi* is the big seller at sushi restaurants in May though the undisputed king of sushi at any ordinary time is *maguro* or tuna.

In fact katsuo tastes far better in the autumn season than in May. Undismayed by their knowledge of this fact, Japanese people still find themselves licking their lips for the first catch when May comes around. Such is their attachment and sensitivity toward aromas of the seasons.

Greenness of the leaves,
Twittering of mountain cuckoos,
And melting taste of the first katsuo. . .

May's, no doubt, a seasonal feast for our eyes, ears, and tongues.

A Festival for Boys

CHILDREN'S DAY on May fifth is called *tango no sekku*. While girls celebrate their Doll Festival on the third day of March, boys have to wait until this day for their special holiday. Families with little boys decorate the *tokonoma* (the display area of the main room) with May Dolls arranged on three-layered shelves, and fly carp streamers from the roof to express their hope that the children may grow up sturdy and in good health. To celebrate the occasion, they prepare their children's favorite dishes.

On the top of the long bamboo pole is a spinning disk which makes a light piping sound in the May breeze. Beneath it flows the brightly colored streamer, then follow black carp and red carp swimming in the sky as if it were water. The gay landscape presents one of the most picturesque scenes of early summer.

Carp was singled out among other fishes because it possesses the strength to swim up streams and waterfalls, an attribute which led people to call it *shusseuo* (出世魚) or the "fish for getting ahead in the world." Behind this festival one can glimpse the ambition of parents for their sons whom they hope will overcome any and all difficulties

In front of the full display of dolls for the fifth of May boys' day festival the children relish the day's goodies, chimaki and kashiwamochi. The boy wears a paper helmet; you can see the rare inside carp in the right corner.

and adversities with as much persistence as the carp that forges ahead against the current.

May dolls, unlike the dolls for the Girl's Festival in March, are not the least bit feminine. The uppermost shelf of the three displays a suit of armor and a helmet in the center attended by a bow on the left and a short sword on the right, and completed by a golden folding screen in the back.

On the middle shelf stands a *jingasa*, a thin steel warrior's helmet, and an iron fan or *gunsen* used by generals to convey commands in battle. Hachiman Tarō, the War God, Kintarō, a robust boy of enormous strength who conquered a bear in a legend, Chou Chi or Shōki-sama, a brave Chinese warrior who supposedly exterminated all the demons, and other strong-looking warrior dolls may be lined up on the same level. Then comes the bottom shelf with a bottle of iris-flavored *saké* on a small wooden stand resting in the center, *chimaki* or fermented rice wrapped in bamboo leaves and *kashiwamochi*, rice cakes wrapped in oak leaves. Flambeaux on the far right and left complete this shelf.

The Magic Iris Bath

THE DOLL Festival on March third is also called the "Plum Festival," a name which springs from the abundant use of plum blossoms on this occasion. On the other hand, the Boy's Festival on the fifth of May falls at the height of the iris season, hence the name: *Shōbu no Sekku*.

On May fifth, the eaves of the house are decorated with a bundle of iris leaves and mugwort (*yomogi*) and people enjoy taking a special bath just for this night scented with another bundle of iris leaves and mugwort floating in the *ofuro*—Japanese style deep bathtub made of wood. Through the shimmering steam rises the fresh fragrance of the green leaves, which intoxicates the bathers with the refreshing gift that the May air brings.

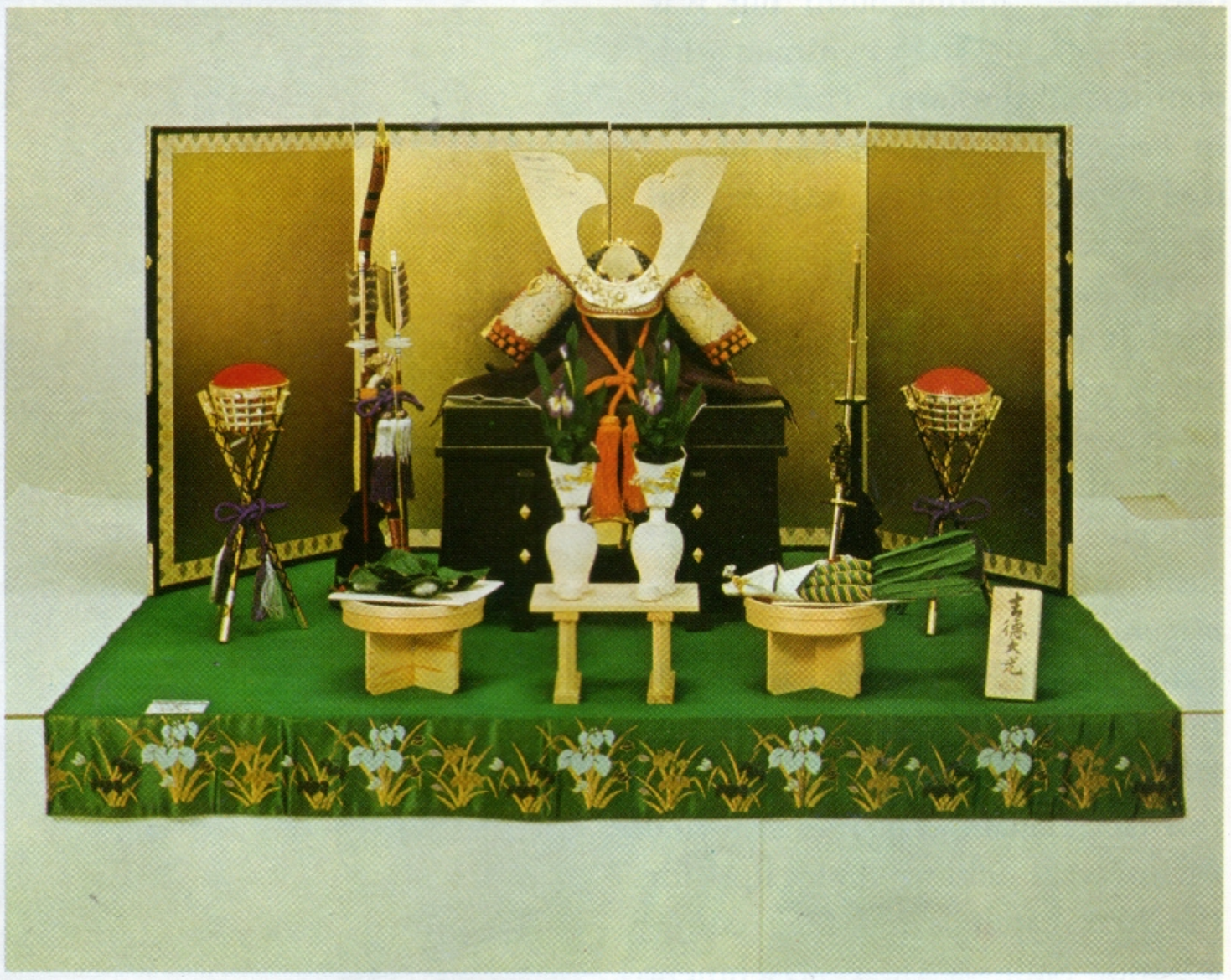
It was thought in the past that iris was embued with a secret power to clear away noxious vapors or exterminate epidemics. Children were thus taught to believe that the iris bath would make them healthy and free from colds.

The residual magic spell of the iris is found today only in the iris leaves hanging on the eaves and the iris bath. Of course the efficacious iris was believed to have wider influence and people used it more often in the old days. For example, the Emperor Shōmu enacted a new rule more than 1200 years ago in Tenpyō 19 (A.D. 747) prohibiting the entry into the court on May fifth of those nobles who were not wearing crowns decorated with iris. In the Heian Period people slept during the night of May fourth on what was then called an *ayame makura* or "iris pillow," a pillow stuffed with iris: they took out the stuffing on the fifth and made the iris bath with it.

The application of the magic powers of the iris changed along with the course of history. When the nation met with war after war in the battle-torn Sengoku Jidai, *shōbu* or iris was valued for the sound of its name which could also mean 尚武, *shōbu*, "martial spirit," or 勝負, 勝 meaning "to win" and 負 "to lose;" together they signify the contest. Thus arose the popular custom of putting only the upper half, the winning side, of *shōbu* or iris in hot water and drinking to VICTORY. 東

Tōkyō's Meiji Shrine is famous for its beautiful May iris garden. ⟶
Photograph by Maeda Shinzō

Around the helmet are arranged a bow and arrows and a torch, with iris saké and chimaki in front, for boys' day. (Courtesy of Yoshitoku)



The Flowers of Edo

The Fire-Fighting Tradition

The Japanese Fire Department opens every new year with the impressive exhibition called the dezomeshiki 出初式 (出, "*appear*," 初, "*the first*," *and* 式, "*ceremony*"). *New powerful fire engines line up to shoot water high in the air and show off their finest, most modern tricks. The sweeping attraction of the day though, what everyone waits to see, are the traditional, acrobatic feats on the ladder performed exquisitely by men dressed just as their ancestors were dressed, accompanied by a special firemen's song. The acrobats perform as skillfully as professional circus performers on top of ladders 7 yards high. This ritualized ladder exhibition originates in the Edo Period, a tribute to the courageous action of the* hikeshi 火消 (火, "*fire*" *and* 消, "*to extinguish*") *the old, stirring word for "fireman."*

Almost Built to Be Burned

"Fires and fights are the flowers of Edo," the saying goes, and Edo (Tōkyō) was famous for its frequent outbreaks of fire. The outstanding courage and swift action of the *hikeshi* made them the heroes of Edo. *Jōbikeshi* 定火消, the firemen who protected the residences of daimyō lords, never hesitated to jump into a blaze almost naked—"the tattooed dragons rising out of their loincloths," as a picturesque phrase of the time put it. The *machihikeshi* 町火消 on the other hand, in their eye-catching firemen's jackets, protected commoners against the ravages of fire in what became a competition for glory and attention.

The houses of Edo, made of wood and paper, were easily susceptible to combustion, and sparks often developed into great fires. The secret strength that supported the ever-growing prosperity of Edo, in spite of the incessant fires that struck her down time after time, resided in the courageous firemen who risked their lives continually and also the unbending esprit of Edo commoners who, with cosmopolitan nonchalance, waved off the repeated crippling fires as the "flowers of Edo."

So the flowers of Edo bloomed in a full blaze of glory many a time. In the Edo Period alone, 779 conflagrations are recorded, most of them in Edo. The recurrent calamities led *Edokko* (townsmen of Edo) to say, "Whatever you make will just be burned up, so spend your money now while you've got it!" and encouraged *Edokko* to adopt a carefree and liberal-handed life style where men proudly admitted they could not keep money in their pockets.

Edo was just a small fishing village, a scattering of huts until the opening of the 17th century when Oota Dōkan designed Edo Castle, marking the first leap toward development (see previous issue). Daimyō residences surrounded the castle, and around them the houses of the commoners who supported the community fanned outward. The first Tokugawa Shōgun, Ieyasu, encouraged the emigration of merchants and industrial entrepreneurs; the policy brought more and more people to gather in the swelling town of Edo. Loafers and hillbillies swarmed into Edo with the obscure hope of finding easy fortunes. When their dreams were shattered, they became bums or street beggars, and some congregated into gangs of hoodlums. These superfluous rabble caused Edo to be granted the infamous name, "the dust bin of the nation."

The larger the city grew, the more fires broke out. The official policy of the Shōgunate prohibiting the purchase of "luxuries" by the populace only made things worse.

The urban houses other than daimyō residences had to be thatched with easily flammable, cheap materials such as miscanthus, a sort of straw. Once one house caught on fire, it spread to whole rows of houses which burned as though they were built to be burned and frequently developed into great fires.

Six years after the transfer of the capital to Edo (A.D. 1609), when the city was somehow beginning to take on the shape of a real capital, a fire broke out in the center of the city that burnt the entire city to ashes overnight. The Shōgunate could no longer ignore the dangers of fire, and put out a notice requiring people to take strict precautions against it, the first effort by the Shōgunate in the direction of fire prevention.

The notice actually contained quite elementary instructions, described in careful detail: "Public bath houses are to be closed by 6:00 PM." " No fires on the second floor." "On a windy day, neighbors are to take shifts on watch going around the block," and so forth. "Garbage burning in the open prohibited!" is an item of the same notice, and one that strikes home to today's Tōkyōites, buried as they are neck-high in refuse.

As is still the case today, one major source of accidental fire in those days was cigarettes, or more correctly, loose leaf tobacco. Loose leaf tobacco rapidly gained popularity in the Edo Period not only among men but among women and children as well (see Vol. VIII No. 8). Impatient with this indiscriminate diffusion of tobacco smoking and the growing incidence of fires, the Shōgunate finally issued a temporary suspension of smoking.

The interesting thing about the Shōgunate policy regarding fire control is that they designated the fire-ravaged premises off-limits to outsiders. Only immediate relatives such as parents, children, brothers and sisters, mothers or sisters-in-law living together with the family were allowed to take a look at the burned site. The reasons for this restriction are attributable to the embryonic level of fire extinguishing capability and equipment, and lack of a specialized organization to control the disaster area. Besides, the same gaping crowds that fall on the scene of an accident today, like an army of ants on honey, interfered with the action of the firemen.

Not only that, vicious onlookers easily changed into looters. Even acquaintances of the fire victims could not approach the site to offer a few words of consolation until the day after.

Razing and Building, Building and Razing

In spite of the loud Shōgunate campaigns, the record shows that incidence of fire shot up sharply, and decimated a number of fashionable daimyō mansions of early Edo modeled after the villas of the middle ages or in the refined, ornate *Momoyama* style.

Some sort of loosely organized fire fighting force did exist before *daimyō-hikeshi* 大名火消 was created in 1629. The first fire fighting force ever organized in another country, as far as we know, is the London Fire Brigade of 1666, formed after the famous Great Fire of London. The history of organized fire fighting in Japan goes back another forty years, making it a true historical precedent.

Daimyō lords who made lower than a certain level contribution to the Shōgunate compensated for the lack of income by sending a required number of firemen in turns to Edo. These were the daimyō-hikeshi commanded by the lords themselves. Their major assignment, however, was to protect Edo Castle, and the commoners of Edo gained no benefit whatsoever from their service.

The Shōgunate effected no clear measure to protect commoners against fire aside from the futile notices until one conflagration took the lives of 108,000 people and reduced 8,000 square kilometers to smouldering timbers, the most devastating fire ever to break out in the course of Japanese history. Only then was the Shōgunate moved to set about organizing a force of fire fighters.

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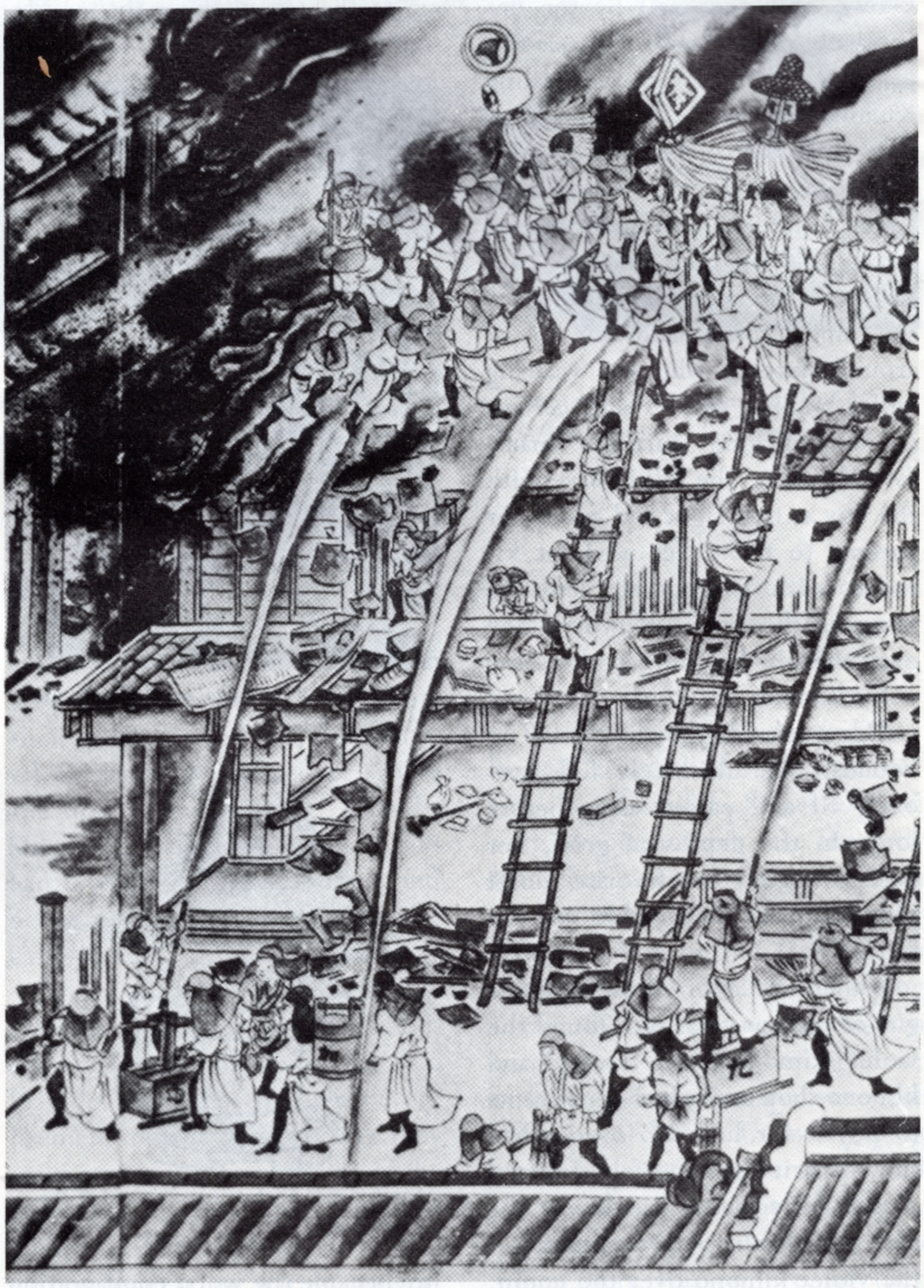


At the beginning of the year, the firemen of Edo exhibited their skills in a ceremony known as the "dezomé-shiki."

Edo was bone dry after eighty rainless days, which started from the end of 1656 and lasted until the opening month of the next year. It was January 18, 1657—gusts began to blow in the morning and later developed into a stormy wind. Around 2:00 PM, a fire broke out at a temple which almost instantaneously spread as far as Kamakura in Kanagawa Prefecture. Then the wind suddenly shifted directions and the fire rekindled in the very heart of Edo. Hordes of evacuees lost every way out but to jump into the ocean; 9,600 people drowned as a result.

A far greater tragedy took place just outside of the outermost gate of Edo Castle. Chaos reigned while a mass of refugees rushed to the gate in panic toward the wide open space inside. The panic became worse when a rumor spread that the prisoners had broken jail. Guards immediately closed the gate, and the refugees could not move in any direction while stampeding human beings continued to pile up on top of them—all to be burned to death. The flourishing city of Edo crumbled to ashes over the space of a single night. Without giving the populace a moment's

relief, another fire broke out the following day, which razed the main citadel of Edo Castle.

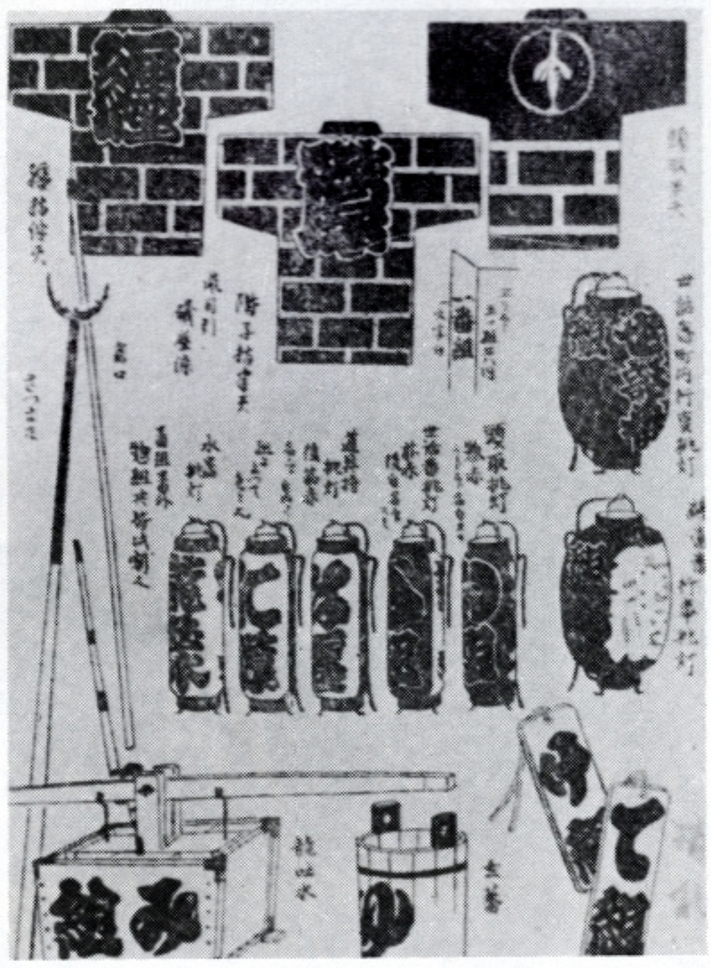
"Fire of Kimono Sleeves"

THIS WORST FIRE of Edo is known only too well by the deceptively poetic name *Furisode-kaji* 振袖火事 or "The Fire of Trailing Kimono Sleeves." The story goes like this: Once upon a time a merchant of Edo was blessed with a clever and lovely daughter named Kiku. This daughter, one day, paid a visit to the family temple where she came across a handsome boy of around sixteen, who was wearing violet trailing sleeves and *hakama* (a divided long skirt for man's formal wear). She fell in love with the boy at first sight and asked her parents to make her a violet kimono with trailing sleeves, the same as the boy had worn. She even dressed her doll in the same color kimono.

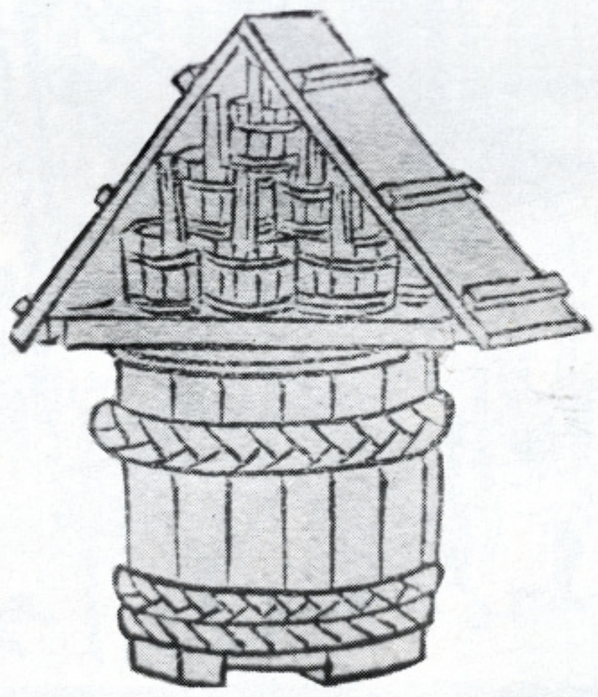
Her passion for the boy knew no bounds. She ultimately fell seriously ill and passed away before long. In the depths of grief, her parents spread her favorite violet kimono over the casket at the funeral.

Sometimes afterwards, Hana, a girl of sixteen years old, found the violet kimono at a secondhand kimono shop and asked her parents to buy it for her. No sooner had she worn it than she fell sick and passed away just as quickly as the first girl. Again Hana's parents put the violet kimono over the coffin. The same kimono later reappeared at a secondhand kimono shop, and a girl named Tatsu bought it and died shortly after. Kiku's parents, who happened to attend Tatsu's funeral, saw the same violet kimono their daughter had treasured so on the coffin. Suspicions fell on the violet kimono.

The three couples who had lost their daughters were frightened by the mysterious power of the kimono and decided to burn it after consultation with a priest. The moment they threw it into the fire, a blast of wind caught the flaming kimono up, carried it high up to the top of the main temple, and scorched the sky. The raining



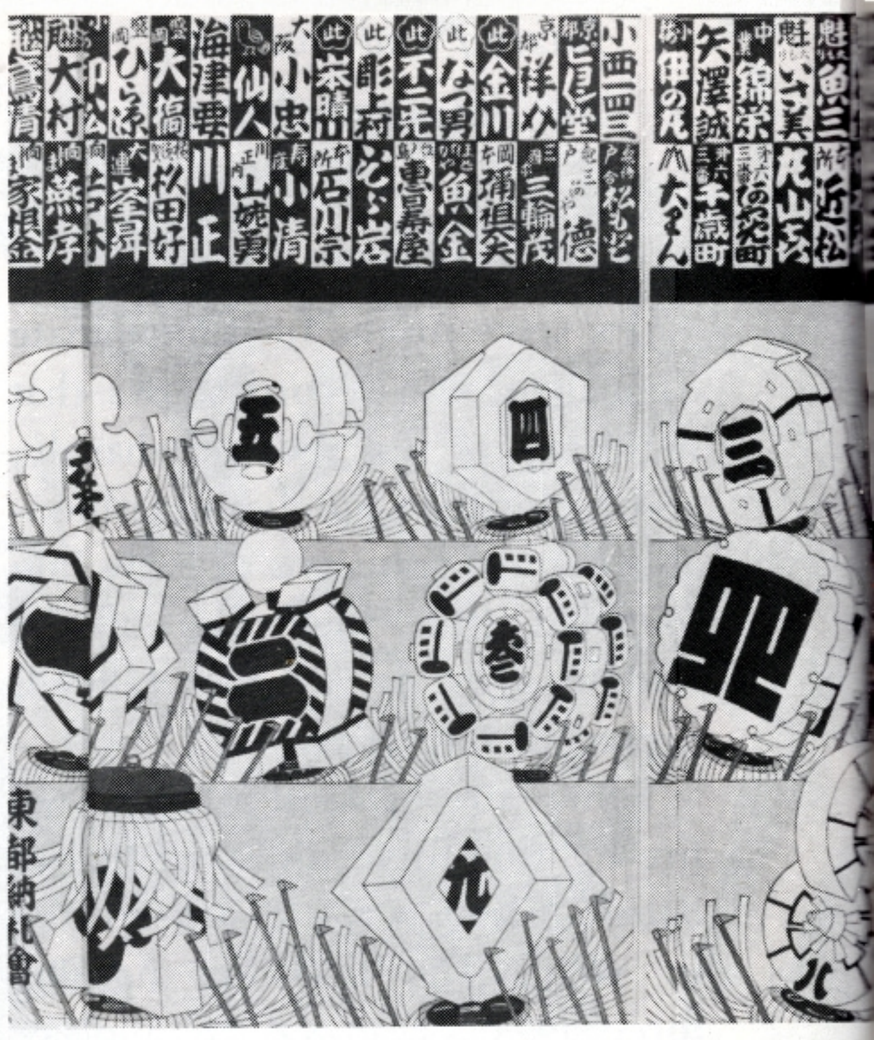
Hikeshi had access to tools of only the simplest kind.



Stacked fire buckets were a part of the Edo scene.

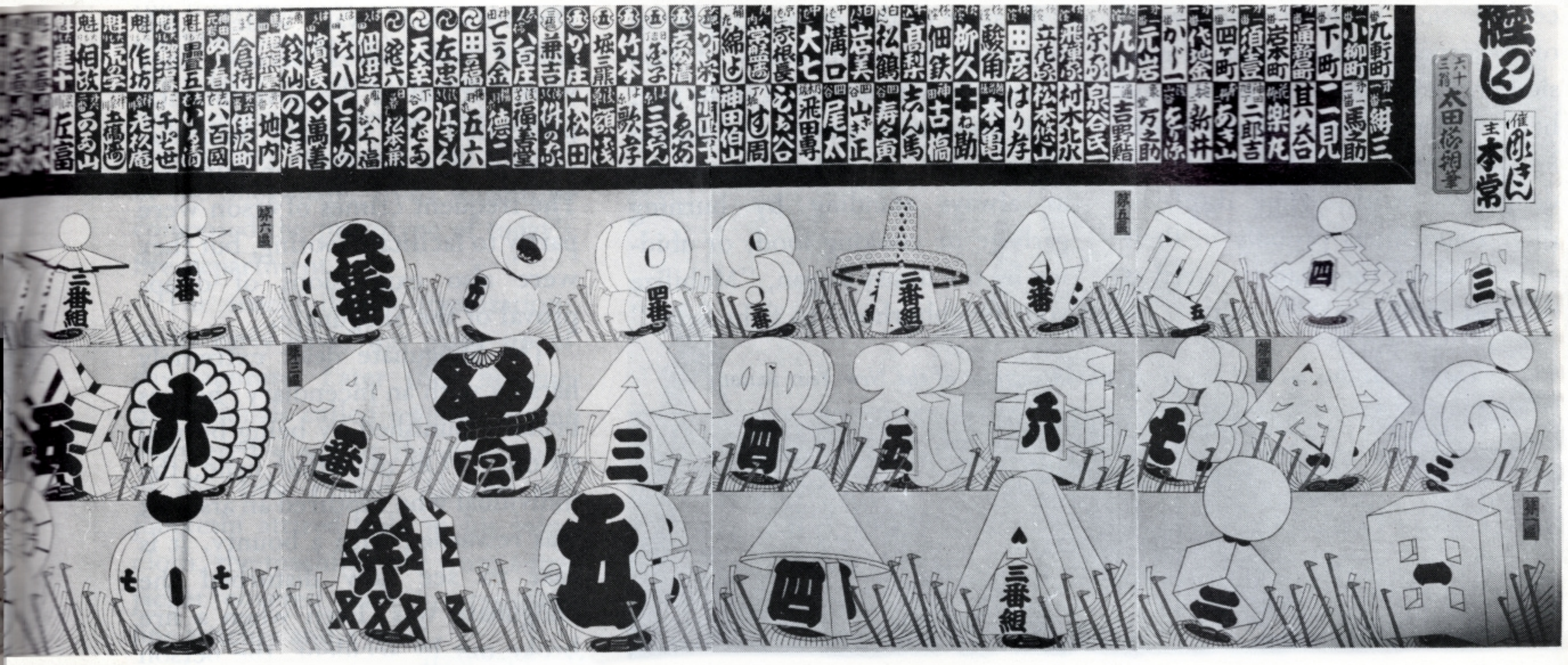
fire became the worst conflagration Edo had ever known. Or so the story goes.

The Shōgunate learned a lesson from this great fire that demolished not only Edo Castle but the entire town of Edo, and decided to reinforce the fire fighting organizations. Whereas the Shōgunate had formerly decreed harshly, "The



owner of the house where the fire started is to be punished severely," it now adopted a more compassionate stance. "It is unjust to punish the helpless citizens without providing protection."

This firm statement made public by Rōjū Hoshina Masayuki, chief advisor to the Shōgun, signalled a total change in policy toward rebuilding Edo into a firesafe capital. The old Edo that had collapsed sixty-seven years after establishment of the Shōgunate by Ieyasu was going through a transformation. Mansions and temples around the Castle were moved, commoners' houses and streets made to conform to a uniform size, open lots and wide avenues created to block fire-spread. It was city planning on close to an epoch-making scale for the feudal Shōgunate. The Shōgunate lifted the ban on tile roofs, permitted and encouraged fireproof storehouses, and ordered *tensuioké* or rain buckets to be placed on roofs and the corners of each block. The pyramids of water



The 48 Fire Brigades appointed by famed Edo Magistrate Ooka Echizen each had their own matoi, their sign and their glory. Matoi carriers rotated the huge matoi on the roofs of the burning buildings to serve as a rallying point for the firemen.

buckets piled up under the eaves added another touch of picturesque charm to the landscape of Edo.

Stalwart Dandies

DAIMYŌ-HIKESHI alone were felt to be insufficient to combat fires, and four fire brigades called *jōbikeshi* 定火消 were created under the direct command of the Shōgunate. Jōbikeshi lived in specially designated quarters (today's fire departments) and looked after samurai residences. Two guards were placed on constant watch on top of a fire tower. If they spotted a fire, they signalled the alarm by beating on a fire bell called a *hanshō*. They beat at a slow tempo when the fire broke out far away and when it was close, they hit with intense shrieking rapidity as if the fire bell itself had caught on fire. The shrill sound of the quick beating was called *suriban*, and nothing resonated more horribly in the minds of Edokko. Particularly when the shrill alarm woke people in the quiet dead of night, not only the fire fighters but all the residents in the neighborhood leaped from their quilts, rushed out, and climbed to the roof to discover where the fire had broken out. Thus by Shōgunate order, the houses in Edo had low roofs so that firemen and occupants could get to the roof easily.

The major force of jōbikeshi was comprised of *gaen* 臥煙, muscled, fire-crashing hands, about 300 to a brigade. In peace time they were firemen, and in times of war they were sent to the front. Most of the gaen came from poor samurai families. Fire fighting was regarded as next to war in danger, and many men died while fulfilling their duty.

The gaen of Edo were famous for their courageous and quick action. They possessed a unique style and identity of their own. Their two-toed socks were always kept snow white. They bathed in hot baths three or four times a day to show off their gorgeous tattoos, combed and took minute care of their hair whenever time allowed—in short, they were dandies.

But let a fire break out and they hurled themselves unhesitatingly into the midst of the flames covered with almost nothing save the brilliant tattoos even in the height of cold winter. With the intricately etched colors of the bold design outlined clearly against the raging blaze, the fire fighting dragon-man emerged into the man among men; without question, they were the "flowers of Edo." Crowds gaping at their spectacular work spurred them on with enthusiastic cheers.

These rakes had nothing to do when there was no fire, so they rolled dice. Later the word gaen came to refer to perpetrators of extortion and blackmail. There is some ground for this semantic shift, because a number of gaen did turn into professional gamblers. Some even became the town troublemakers. Nonetheless, the Edokko praised their esprit, admired their

contribution, never uttered a word of resentment. Their sense of mission and a fondness for posing and heroics characteristic of the Edokko spirit supported the gaen in the dangerous work. They displayed their staunchness proudly in their tattoos which they had acquired at the cost of unspeakable pain.

In spite of this gallant display of courage, the commoners of Edo were still not protected from fire. Fire prevention among the masses meant such primitive precautions as always standing by burning garbage or cooking food, or abiding by the flimsy slogan, "Mobilize your neighborhood to fight fires!"

The dezome-shiki is still one of the big attractions of the New Year season.

Dissatisfaction was widely felt among commoners because they were left out of the governmental protection. To indicate their discontent they set fires on purpose. The frequent crimes of arson were partly to facilitate looting, but they were also expressions of disapproval of the Shōgunate.

The Shōgunate dealt extremely harshly with an incendiary; he was brutally punished by being burned to death. On the other hand, the individual who captured an arsonist was rewarded with a bounty. It is easy to see how disturbed the Shōgunate was. Even when a fire broke out by accident, the person found responsible was sentenced to be chained for fifty days; and if the sentenced person happened to be a tenant, his landlord was sent to jail for thirty days. Vehement disputes over who was to be blamed for a fire and conspiracies to send somebody to jail resulted from these heavy penalties.

The Forty-Eight In Action

Fire service for commoners was finally created in 1718, half a century after the establishment of jōbikeshi, when the famous judge Ōoka Echizen no Kami Tadasuké was appointed the Magistrate of Edo. Ōoka Echizen's ingenious and wise judgements caused him to become a legend and the very symbol of the just magistrate. Around that time, great fires were virtually ruling over Edo—eighteen devastating fires in a decade. Wise Ōoka placed special emphasis on fire prevention, and created *machihikeshi* 町火消, fire brigades to protect commoners' houses. He apportioned 48 brigades among the districts (*machi*) of Edo, assigning each a letter from the Japanese Iroha alphabet (consisting of 47 letters). He added one to match

the total number and called them the "Forty-eight Iroha Squadrons." They later became the nucleus of fire protection service and maintained their existence until the fall of the Shōgunate. Iroha squadrons composed the prototype of today's fire department.

The machihikeshi organization, in its early days, was made up of day laborers. Later they became professionals called *tobinomono* and numbered 9,079 at the final stage of the Edo Period. Unlike the jōbikeshi attired only in his loincloth, the machihikeshi wore a fire jacket covered with fire-resistant fine stitches and a hood.

The group adhered to strict discipline in action, while competition between brigades was encouraged to heighten morale. Machihikeshi were aflame with supreme idealism and cared nothing for their own safety, only for fulfilling their duties. A Robin Hood spirit distinguished them from jōbikeshi. They supplied a favorite abiding motif for dramas and novels.

Edo, in its early days, covered an area of about 30,000 square kilometers. The population grew rapidly, and the town developed into a mammoth city of 1,668,000 square kilometers within a century. The growth was naturally accompanied by greater fires.

Hand-in-hand with the increasing fires, expenditures for fire control also multiplied. The Shōgunate, instead of bearing the burden on its own shoulders, relegated the financial responsibility to the city districts. District officers collected maintainance expenses from the townspeople and allocated funds for fire control, social functions, water supply, etc. The largest allotment of all went to fire control. Expenses for machihikeshi were also paid from the district purse. Since machihikeshi originally served the commoners, they were not allowed to protect samurai residences until the restriction was lifted some time later.

If the valiant scene of hikeshi in action were recreated, it would go something like this: Spotting a fire, the watch on the tower beats frenziedly on a drum, a resounding wooden board, and a fire bell—a "Go!" signal for other firemen. The minute they hear the insistent *ban-ban*, *jan-jan*, and *gon-gon*, they rush to the site with their fire fighting equipment. While the flame is rolling upward stright into the air, townsmen stay cool, but once the blaze starts to sprawl, they suddenly are thrown into a ferment. The hikeshi, running to their aid through the narrow allies, appear to them like all-conquering supermen.

They certainly exhibited superb performances. One brigade vied with another, showing a dogged determination in getting to their strategic positions. The so-called equipment they employed makes no comparison with today's sophisticated outfits. All they could rely on was their "do-or-die" hikeshi spirit. Literally with their flesh, hikeshi fought a war against the burning monster.

The Man Among Men

THE MASTER fire fighter of all hikeshi was Asano Takumi no Kami Naganao (Lord Asano), a nephew of Asano Takumi no Kami Naganori who was the famous lord of the Forty-Seven Loyal Ronin. The shout, "The Lord Asano is coming!" meant, "The fire is out," and the relieved fire victims carried their furniture back into their houses (The story is slightly hyperbolic).

It would be more proper to call Nagano and his men a "Demolition Squad" rather than a "Fire Extinguishing Squad." Because of their ineffectual equipment, they had no choice but to be *kamikazé* firemen, making their suicidal rush on the burning houses. As one good example, when the Great Fire of 1668 broke out, Lord Asano rushed to the burning house in Akasaka. The nearby row houses caught fire, and as soon as flames licked up from them the lord moved his men up on the roof. They demolished

the entire row within an instant as if all the beams had been cut off beforehand, and the fire was subdued.

Then he led his men to the townsmen's residential area, and directed his men up onto the roof of a tall house. There they spotted a small barn below them catching fire. His men shrank back frightened from the swirling blaze, but the lord, with a scornful look at them, jumped down onto the burning house below. Encouraged and ashamed, all his men followed suit—the barn was broken in and the fire put out.

Since Lord Asano was always asked to command firemen, he lectured his own retainers to prepare them for various types of fires. He carried a bare sword to the fires, and it looked as if he was ready to cut the throat of any hikeshi who lost his nerve. His hikeshi, on the other hand, sensed their lord's committment and martial spirit and followed him implicitly. The Asano family that produced such a great, magnetic lord must have fostered a climate of loyalty which later produced the famous Forty-Seven Loyal Rōnin.

Not Quite Bare-Handed

A LOOK AT THE tools his hikeshi carried is ample demonstration of the strength of Lord Asano's men's faith in him. All the weapons they had to fight the raging blaze were a simple wooden hand pump, two-pronged forks, axes, fans (?), buckets and last but far from least, the *matoi*.

The most captivating accoutrement of all was the tall matoi with its trailing banners, the symbol of the esprit de corps of hikeshi. When many squadrons were intermingled at a fire, it was hard to coordinate the actions of each group, and matoi helped the firemen to find their groups. Matoi bore the squadron's name in a unique design and shape to distinguish each group from the others. Matoi exemplified the pride and morale of each squadron and became a bond to knit the union of the group. Originally, matoi were carried only in the battle field. It was Ōoka Echizen's ingenious idea to permit machihikeshi to use matoi, which contributed greatly to the successful organization of hikeshi.

Step by step, the course of action proceeded like this: Following the direction of the supervisor, the ladder carrier first leaned a ladder against a smoking house adjacent to the burning one. He and others climbed up to the roof and took off all the tiles except a few rows along the eaves in order to pave the way for the matoi carrier who claimed the greatest honor by raising his matoi on the roof before any other brigade came up.

Danger always accompanied a matoi carrier who had to risk his life to keep the cumbersome matoi high for his fellow men. The courageous matoi carrier standing upright in the shower of sparks, swirling the heavy matoi, was the fireman's idol. *Baren*, streamers made of long strips of rice paper, were pasted on matoi, thus the matoi carrier had to keep the pole revolving constantly to prevent its catching fire. He took pride in staying on the house closest to the fire and never coming down until the burning house right in front of him crumbled to the ground and the supervisor staring hard at the matoi shouted, "Retreat!" With this word, he tumbled down from the last disintegrating building along with the other demolition men. The moment the last man jumped down, the house usually collapsed with the blaze and sheets of fire billowed into the sky.

When the fire was extinguished, the squadron that deserved the honor put up a sign marked "Extinguished" with their group name on it. Some less distinguished brigades switched the signs to steal the glory. Often the daimyō-hikeshi and jōbikeshi, abusing their authority, snatched away the honor of other groups. The hot-blooded Edokko firemen were not about to let their honor go uncontested and the result was more often than not a glorious brawl.

Edokko had the vitality of fireweeds, blooming out of the ashes after each of the repeated fires. Bushi or samurai were deeply afflicted by the burden of rebuilding their burnt houses, whereas the resilient townsmen set to it vigorously without hesitation. You could say the "Flowers of Edo" were the commoners themselves who in their vital energy could call the fires that threatened their lives lovely blooming plants.

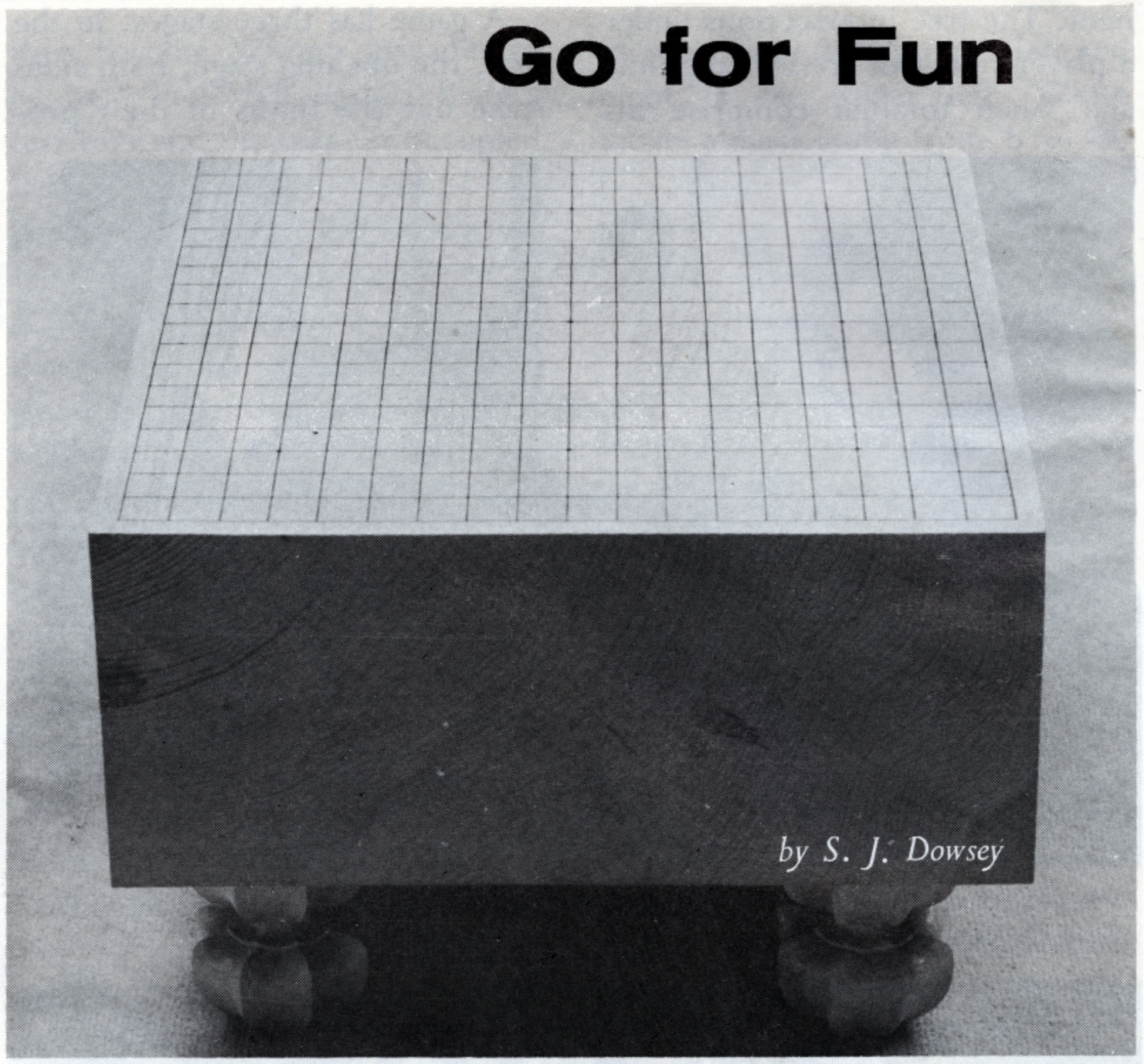
One time it occurred to the Shōgun Ietsuna, "The citizens of Edo must be feeling down after so many fires. Cherry blossom season has come around, but I wonder if the hills of Ueno are crowded with cherry viewers as usual. Probably not, at least not like an ordinary spring," and he sent a retainer to Ueno.

The retainer's report came as quite a surprise to the Shōgun, "The cherry blossoms are in full bloom now, flowering all over the Ueno hills. But even more gay and lively are the crowds of reveling cherry viewers."

Ietsuna was very happy at the news. He nodded deeply and said, "That's Edokko for you! Nothing parallels their resilience. Long live the Edokko spirit! Edo is on sure ground!" 東

Photographs obtained through cooperation of the Tōkyō Shōbōchō.

Go for Fun



by S. J. Dowsey

GO: the Ultimate Board Game

LAST SUMMER TWO professional Go players from the Japan Go Association were walking late at night down one of Chicago's less salubrious streets taking in the sights. The traffic had stopped for a red light when suddenly they were hailed by a truck driver. "Hey, you!" he shouted. Not accustomed to being spoken to in such a manner, especially as they were in an area of bars, nightclubs and other establishments of dubious repute, they steadfastly looked the other way. "No, no!" he repeated "I mean you. Aren't you a Go player?" One of the two, Mr. Nagahara, nodded. "I knew it. I've seen your photograph in a book somewhere." Mr. Nagahara who has authored two Go books in English broke into a smile and said "Hallo". The truck driver had spotted them and had just wanted to shake hands with two of the world's strongest players. A moment later the lights changed and he drove off into the night.

This incident demonstrates quite vividly the widespread knowledge of Go in the West. The two professional players, Mr. Okubo and Mr. Nagahara, were in the U.S. on a Go promotion tour jointly sponsored by the Japan Go Association and the Cultural Agency of the Japanese Ministry of Education. During their trip they taught Go to over 5,000 people at 16 locations, appeared in over 50 newspapers, on the radio four times and television six times. And meanwhile another team was touring Europe and South America.

Since the war, Go has seen unprecedented growth in Western countries and seems all set to achieve the same level of popularity as it now enjoys in Japan (there are about 7 million Go players in Japan) and China.

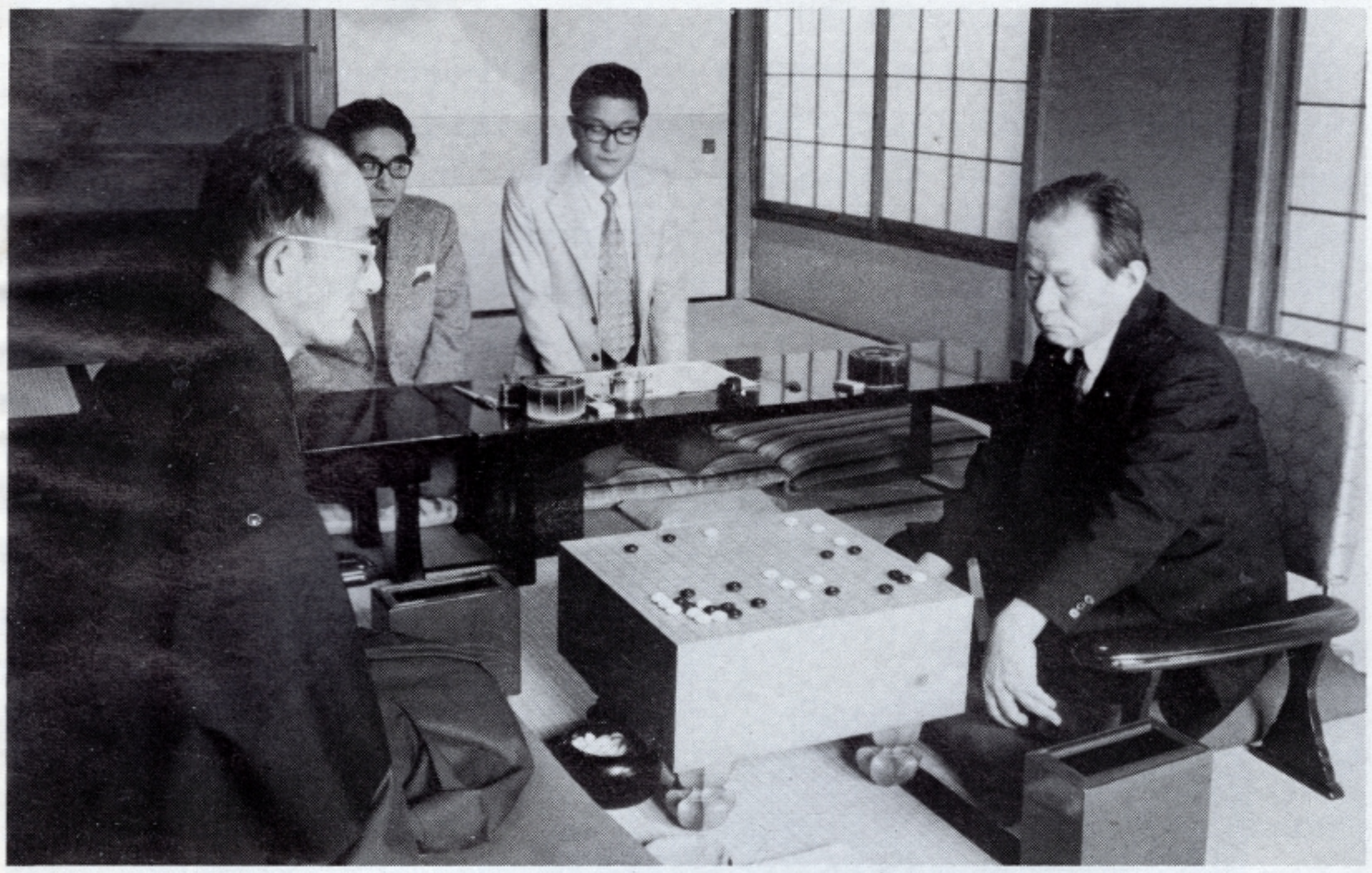
Its recent introduction to the West notwithstanding, Go is an ancient game. Lost in the mists of antiquity you might say. We do know that it originated in China about 4,000 years ago, the first written record dating 500 years before Christ. It reached Japan in the seventh century A.D. where it has since achieved the highest level of development. From earliest times Go was regarded as something special. It became a subject for artists and scholars and is found in works as diverse as woodblock prints, chinaware, carved ivory ornaments and books on military strategy. In this way Go became interwoven in the fabric of Eastern culture.

But what gives Go such immense appeal and staying power? Basically it is a simple game. It uses the simplest of elements—wood and stone, lines and circles, black and white. The rules, too, are simplicity itself. Conceived so long ago, they have not been radically altered for the last 2,500 years. However, the game contains within it an inexhaustible variety, subtlety and sophistication sufficient to intoxicate child and old man alike.

Go is a territorial game for two players. It is played on a wooden board marked with a grid of 19 vertical and 19 horizontal lines. The pieces are discs of black slate and white shell slightly less than one inch in diameter, called stones. The board is empty at the start of the game. One player takes black, the other white, and they commence play by placing their stones alternately on the intersections formed by the lines on the board.

Once played, a stone remains in place, not moving from point to point unless captured during play, in which case it is removed from the board to become the opponent's prisoner. Each player tries to surround more vacant areas (i.e. free intersections) than his oppo-

nent. The free intersections under a player's control are called points and when totalled comprise his territory. Stones may be captured when all the points adjacent to them are occupied. Such a capture will contribute to a player's territory, but capturing stones is not the main purpose. The game is over when neither player can amass any more territory or take any more prisoners, the winner being the one with the most territory.



Two players of the highest rank face each other in a tournament. The two men in back record the plays.

The basic concept is fairly straightforward but the dimensions of the board ($19 \times 19 = 361$ points to play on) ensure a depth and profundity not found in any other board game.

A game has three stages. In the first, the opening stage, both sides stake out the limits of their respective territory. This is the intuitive phase.

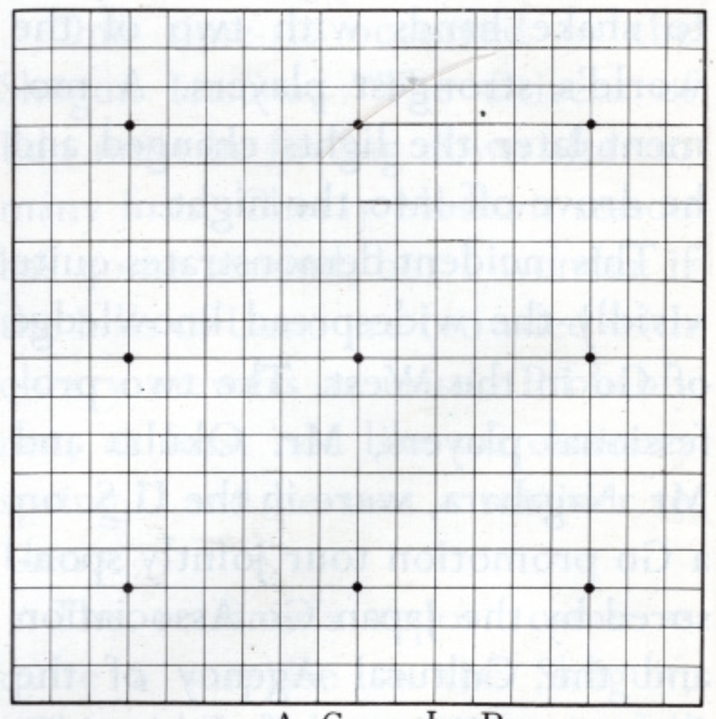
Next comes the middle game, in which the areas claimed are contested. It involves close "stone-to-stone fighting" requiring logical analysis and thorough reading of situations.

Last of all comes the end game. The territories have been defined, so it is possible to calculate their values and also that of the remaining moves. The final calculation will decide the outcome.

Throughout the development of the game there is a feeling of powerful movement over the board even though the stones themselves do not move. A sense of advance and retreat, ebb and flow, escape and pursuit. In the shifting combat, stones strong at one moment may be in dire straits later, or a stone which has long since been given up for dead will come back from the grave to haunt the unwary player. This is what makes Go so subtle and fascinating.

How a Game is Played

It is sufficient at this stage just to look at two fullboard diagrams to grasp the scope of the game. First there is the empty Go board showing the grid measuring 19×19. The edge of the board is included in the playing area, though it acts as a natural boundary for territorial purposes. The second shows a game in progress. Play has reached move 156 and is only halfway over. The actual game ended with move 273. In normal circumstances a game of this length

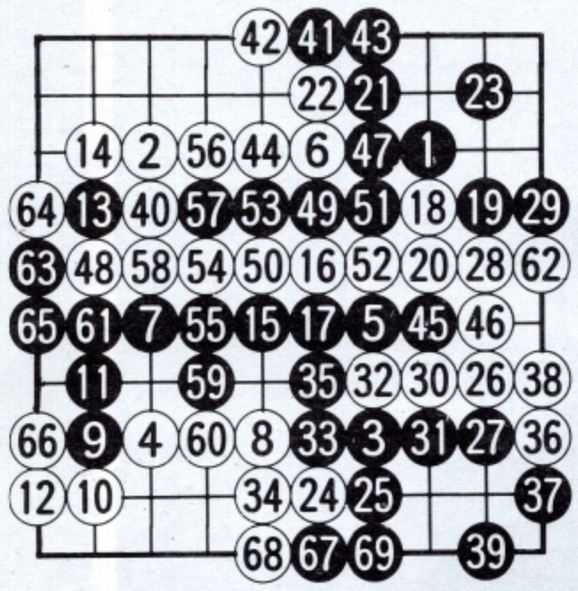


A Game In Progress

would take about one hour to play. However, assuming our readers to be complete beginners, even playing through such a game from a game diagram would be confusing and tedious. Instead, we will play through an example game on a smaller 10×10 board.

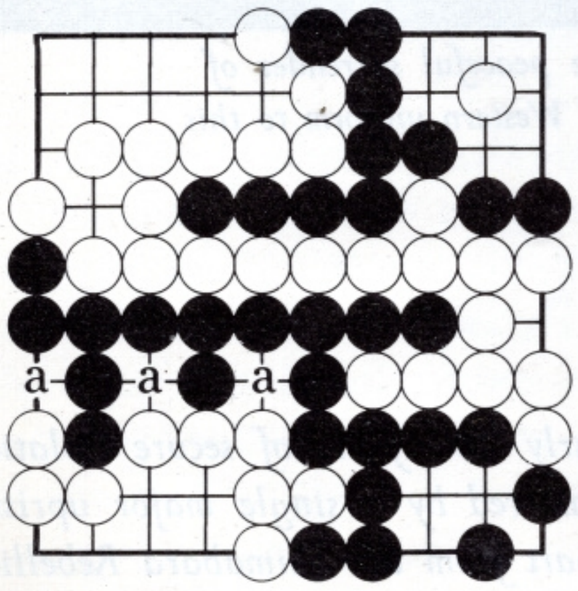
This short game lasts 69 moves. As the stones do not move about, Go is perfect for diagrams and each stone is numbered according to the order in which it was played. Black starts first in Dia. 1 with move 1. It is a good idea to play through the game sequence with a board and stones and watch the game unfold.

Dia. 1 (1—69)



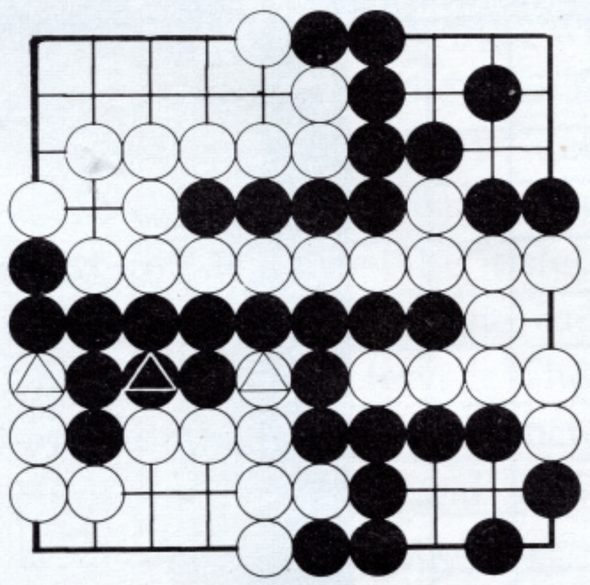
The sides form natural boundaries so both players started in the four corners of the board. In fact the final territories in this game were also constructed about the corners. The stone at Black 13 became surrounded during play, was captured and removed from the board upon move White 64. It then became White's prisoner to be held in forfeit against Black's territory and the space it occupied became an additional point of territory for White. A 'liberated zone' so to speak.

Dia. 2



The game ended effectively with Black 69 but the three points marked 'a' in Dia. 2 had not yet been played. These are neutral points since playing there will not affect the size of either player's territory. Dia. 3 shows the positions after the neutral points have been taken care of.

Dia. 3



Lastly the territories must be counted. If we look at Dia. 3, we get the following:

White:

Upper left	11 points
Lower left	6 points
Right	1 point
Black prisoners	1 point
	19 points

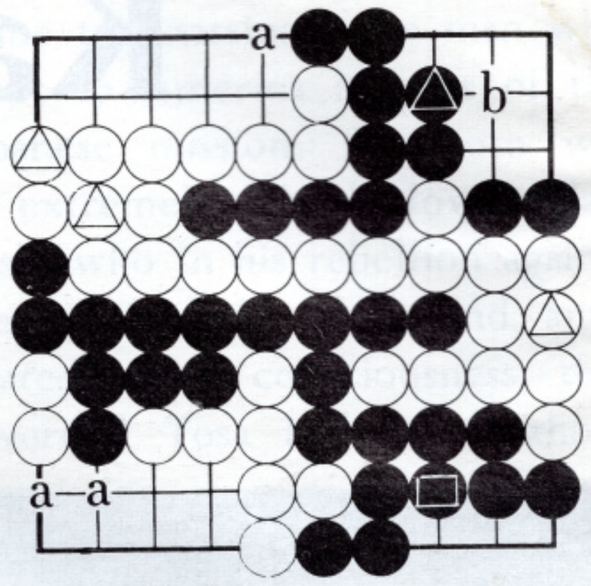
Black:

Upper right	7 points
Lower right	4 points
	11 points

Result: White wins by 8 points.

Another counting method less open to error is shown in Dia. 4. First White replaces the captured Black stone ● in Black's territory in the lower right. Next the players rearrange their opponent's territories to facilitate counting. Black moves the three stones originally at the points marked 'a' to those marked △, leaving a block of ten points in the upper left and eight in the lower left. White moves a Black stone from 'b' to ●.

Dia. 4



The counting is as follows.

White:

Upper left	10 points
Lower left	8 points
	18 points

Black:

Upper right	7 points
Lower right	3 points
	10 points

Once again White wins by 8 points. The totals were different because the prisoner was subtracted instead of being added but the margin of victory is the same.

Now you know how to play Go —almost. But just to make sure, we will spend the next three issues discussing the rules in a little more detail starting next month with the rule of capture.

Go Equipment Those who wish to buy a cheap set (full-sized folding board and glass stones) with which to practice these lessons can order in the U.S. from:
East Asia Book and Game Center,
5897 College Ave., Oakland,
Calif. 94618 東

An Englishman from Sussex Mr. S. J. Dowsey discovered Go after coming to Japan five years ago, and has become one of its most ardent fans. He is a writer for the monthly *Go Review*, published by the Nihon Kiin (the Japan Go Association).

The Backstage Hero, Katsu Kaishū 2

by Yonekura Isamu

Katsu went to the Satsuma samurai headquarters to confer with Saigō Takamori on the peaceful surrender of Edo Castle. Though he is shown in Japanese dress (left), Saigō actually wore an old Western uniform to this fateful meeting. (by Yūki Somei, poss. of Meiji Seitoku Kinen Kaiga-kan)

It was inevitable that Japan suffer the severe labor pains which accompany the birth of a modern nation. The Meiji Restoration, the point of departure for modern Japanese history, was just such a painful and traumatic experience. To achieve this new birth, the Tokugawa Shogunate—which had had nearly 300 years of secure isolation, unmarred by a single major uprising (apart from the Shimabara Rebellion) inside or battle outside the country, to

firm its own foundations—this Shōgunate which had been the actual ruling body for three centuries, had to be felled.

With the Black Ships from America right on its doorstep demanding the opening of trade relations, the Shōgunate administration began to sway sharply in the dispute over whether to open the country or oust the barbarians. The storm became increasingly violent and the direction shifted to the question of whether to support the ancien regime of the Shōgunate system or blow it to smithereens. As the tempest grew more intense, yesterday's enemy became today's friend and today's friend tomorrow's enemy; the rabid xenophobe of the morning was a proponent of foreign commerce by evening. People changed, opinions changed radically. And behind the political scenes foreigners were doing their best to manipulate Japanese. Japan was doubly vulnerable: to the danger of civil war and the peril of interference by foreign powers.

During this time of risk and revolution there was one man who could see ahead to the future of Japan, who strove to avoid the dangers of internal dissension and to build a powerful new nation. A low class samurai from a nearly destitute background, he stood barely five feet tall. But his eyes were powerful enough to see through to the future. Katsu Kaishū was indeed the behind-the-scenes hero of the Meiji Restoration. The last issue gave you a picture of Katsu in preparation for his real debut on the stage of history. It is time to bring him out in the leading role.

Baffled Assassins

When Capt. Kaishū returned home from his voyage to America as escort for the first Japanese mission to the United States, he found the nation in a state of rapid and violent change. The faction centering around the Imperial Court in Kyōto, passionate advocates of expelling the foreign "barbarians" from the country and refusing all contact with foreign countries, had greatly gained in power, while the authority of the Shōgunate declined almost daily. Any man who announced himself to be "in the service of the Emperor" or "dedicated to expelling the barbarians" claimed the right to the title of *shishi* (志士), a "hero in the cause of country and society." These self-proclaimed shishi assassinated Shōgunate supporters and exponents of opening the country at will, in what they called, after an old Chinese word, the "punishment of heaven." In 1860 the interpreter for the American Legate, Henry Heusken, was cut down and everywhere fanatics enacted a reign of terrorism. Having resolutely opened the country in the face of the opposition, the Shōgunate attempted to silence its critics by marrying Emperor Kōmei's younger sister Kazu no Miya (see Vol. VIII No. 4) to the Shōgun Iemochi.

The voyage on the *Kanrin-maru* was a large credit to his record, and after Katsu Kaishū returned to Japan he advanced steadily. He was appointed *Gunkan Bugyō* (軍艦奉行), equivalent to Chief of Naval Affairs Agency, in August of 1862.

This same year two young men called on Katsu at his home in Hikawachō, in the Akasaka district of Edo. One was a rōnin (masterless samurai) from Tosa named Sakamoto Ryōma and the other was an Edo swordsman, Chiba Jūtarō. Both were masters with the sword, both believed in the necessity to expel the foreigners, and both had come to assassinate the man who went to America as part of the Japanese mission. Sakamoto was an extremely capable lower class bushi who in his rebellion against the particularly strict and antiquated class consciousness that governed Tosa had left without permission, a punishable offense.

Without the slightest hesitation, Katsu ushered them into his room and then shouted fiercely, "You came here to kill me, didn't you!" Instantly and totally cowed, both men chorused in a small voice, "Yes."

"If you think you can cut me down, you're welcome to go ahead and try," Katsu resumed with perfect composure, "but you're going to listen to what I have to say first."

How did they think that this tiny country of Japan, was going to stand back from the rest of the world and fend off the great Western powers with no defensive strength behind it? Did they know the sad fate other Asian countries like China and India had suffered at the hands of the Western powers? Now if they *really* wanted to protect their country from the barbarians, they should turn their efforts toward building a strong modern nation capable of opposing the West, competing on equal terms and bringing the Western monopoly on military power to a standstill. In order to accomplish this, Katsu explained in patient earnest, Japan would have to open her gates and bring the advanced Western civilization in through them until her own civilization became as powerful or better.

The two young men returned home excited and impressed by

Katsu's bold yet careful reasoning based on a wide knowledge of things they had not had the slightest inkling of. Sakamoto came to visit Katsu many times after that, and as he listened eagerly to the answers to his questions, came to worship Katsu with increasing reverence. Sakamoto Ryōma became Katsu's most brilliant disciple.

When the word got around that Sakamoto had been thus taken with Katsu and his ideas, more and more people of all kinds and persuasions came knocking on Katsu's door, advocates of opening the country, advocates of expelling the barbarians, feudal lords, masterless samurai. And all of them, whether they agreed with him or not, went away shaking their heads in wonder at the stature of the man.

Katsu's Kind of School

In March of 1863 at the behest of the Imperial Court, Shōgun Iemochi journeyed to Kyōto. The Court was determined to hold the Shōgun to his half-hearted promise, made to placate the anti-foreign elements, to chase the barbarians out of the country. The Shōgunate was far from enthusiastic about making the trip. But the Court had issued an official order and supporters of the Emperor (expulsionists) had gained far too much force for the Shōgunate to ignore the Imperial Court as it had done in the past.

When the Shōgun put in his appearance at the Court, Emperor Kōmei commanded him, "Unify the country and drive out the barbarians!" The Emperor reinforced this injunction several days later by compelling the reluctant Shōgun to accompany him on a pilgrimage to Kamo Shrine to pray for the success of the expulsion.

Unable to disguise a cold sweat, the Shōgun made the hurried promise to "launch the expedition against the foreigners on May 10" and fled the capital.

From Kyōto the Shōgun traveled to Osaka Bay to make an inspection tour of defenses. Katsu had come to Osaka in his capacity as Gunkan Bugyō and it was he who guided the Shōgun around. In the process of explaining the defense situation in the area to the Shōgun aboard his ship Katsu took the opportunity to make a request that was close to his heart: "I very much want to set up a naval school in Kōbé to serve both as a training site for the Shōgunate Navy and as my own private school." The Shōgun granted him permission then and there.

Katsu had two things in mind when he asked to build this school training site. One was the necessity he had felt ever since his trip to the United States to exploit capable people from all classes of society regardless of family or rank, and the other was the urgency of unifying a powerful Japan to insure the nation's survival. The warring factions, ("Drive the foreigners out!" "Open the country!" "Revere the Emperor!" "Rally behind the Shōgunate!") had to be induced to stop their ridiculous, harmful fighting and pool their strength for the sake of the country.

Ordinarily any school built by the Shōgunate was limited to students who were Shōgunate officials or their relatives. Their selection had nothing to do with their abilities. But Katsu's naval institute at Kobé was combined with a private school and therefore was not governed by ordinary practice. Katsu placed his favorite disciple, Sakamoto Ryōma, at the head of the school. The majority of the students came from Satsuma (Kagoshima Prefecture) and Tosa (Kōchi Prefecture) and were very unkindly disposed toward the Shōgunate.

Like Ryōma, most of the students came from lower class bushi families and felt suppressed by the system. Study and practice took up their mornings but the afternoons were devoted to heated and endless discussions about how best to guide Japan through that time of perilous transition.

While Katsu was busy getting his naval school under way, two important battles took place which abruptly changed the course of events. One was the war between Satsuma and England which started when some Satsuma samurai fell on several Englishmen with swords. Satsuma was beaten badly.

The other was touched off when Chōshū shelled Western ships that were going through the straits of Shimonoseki. A combined fleet of English, French, Dutch and American ships soundly trounced Chōshū. Much the wiser as they licked their all too easily inflicted wounds, Satsuma and Chōshū abandoned their isolationist thinking and set about learning from England how to build the military power that actual collision had shown them to be so sadly lacking. (For details of these two battles, see Vol. VIII No. 1.) With British help, Satsuma and Chōshū began to build their weapons and reorganize their military. England obviously was waiting, as she watched Satsuma and Chōshū grow stronger, for her two disciples to overturn and replace the conspicuously weakening Shōgunate.

A Disappointing Shōgunate

Katsu was surprised by a sudden and fateful visit in September of 1864. His visitor was Saigō Takamori. Saigō Takamori—the name stands out from later Japanese history as though in boldface print

—this Saigō Takamori arose from the position of a lower class samurai to one of the most respected and relied upon men in Satsuma. He served as a direct advisor to the lord of Satsuma (Shimazu Hisamitsu). At 38, his heavily built, imposing figure contained a frank and honest, easy-going nature.

Katsu was just the opposite with his small stature and sharp eyes. As Saigō settled in front of him, Katsu began immediately to set forth his arguments.

"There is not one man in the Shōgunate who is honestly doing everything in his power to help the country in this time of great peril. Whether upper or lower class, powerful or powerless, everyone is worried only about his own neck. All they do is fight among themselves. If this goes on much longer, there won't be any Shōgunate to protect. Instead of opposing the Shōgunate at every turn, what Satsuma should be doing is getting together with four or five other progressive lords and forming a coalition to build enough military strength to destroy the Western warships. Then if you open several ports like Yokohama and Nagasaki, define the paths to the conference table yourselves, you can bargain on your own terms."

Katsu's ideas were sound and his words persuasive. Saigō had to admit a deep admiration for Katsu. He realized that while Katsu represented the Shōgunate as a direct Shōgunate vassal, in his thinking he had transcended the narrow viewpoint of the rest of the Shōgunate retainers who could not see beyond the Shōgunate, which is to say the Tokugawa family. Katsu was obviously sincerely concerned over the problems facing his country and was doing his best to put into action the course that he believed would be most beneficial.

Katsu's honesty was answered by Saigō's own as he recognized Katsu as the superior man. Indeed he could not react otherwise, being the kind of person he was. Saigō later wrote in a letter to a friend, "I have met Katsu for the first time and I must say that he is truly an amazing human being. I went to see him with the purpose of putting him down, but I had to bow my head to him. I felt there is no end to the man's genius."

Katsu for his part was completely taken with Saigō's magnanimity and quick understanding, with the way he met Katsu man to man instead of concerning himself foremost with their relative political positions. From the time of their first meeting onward Katsu praised Saigō to the skies time and again before his followers.

Katsu's friendly relations with men he respected who happened to be critical of the Shōgunate like the samurai from Satsuma and Chōshū caused some of the more short-sighted high Shōgunate officials to suspect him of being a spy. Before long he was suspended from his position and the Kōbé naval school shut down. Katsu "retired" under advisement to his Hikawa home in Akasaka (Edo). He later recalled with disgust, "For three years, though I had no obligation to do so, I took it on myself to work for the safety of my country, and I went here and there taking all kinds of risks. Yet they (the Shōgunate) wouldn't listen one bit to my advice and on top of everything else, here they were taking away my job. I thought that was a pretty sad way to do things. There was nothing for me to do but take myself out of the arena, sit back and relax and do what I chose. But I felt disheartened to think that I would simply wither away like that without having the chance to repay the debt of generations to our lords (the Tokugawa)."

Sakamoto Ryōma entered as assassin and left as Katsu's disciple (from Nihon-shi Tanpō, *Kadokawa Shoten)*

For a good year and a half after that the disappointed Katsu passed his days at his home, reading—Chinese classics in the morning, books in Dutch in the afternoon and Japanese books at night.

A Dangerous Mission

ONE YEAR passed.

Then in May of 1866, Katsu was summoned to Edo Castle. The Shōgunate, it seemed, had reconsidered, and was reappointing him to his former post of Gunkan Bugyō. He was to leave immediately for Kyōto. His mission: to persuade Satsuma, the most powerful fief in the country militarily, to send troops against Chōshū which had been plotting against the Shōgunate. It was a tall order. The Shōgunate had already commanded Satsuma to move and had been informed by written communication that Satsuma had no inclination to do so.

Satsuma and Chōshū had long been standing at daggers drawn, each trying to corner the trust of

the Imperial Court. But in one of many ironies of the time, during Katsu's seclusion, they had proceeded to do exactly what Katsu had advocated: leaving off fighting and getting together to form a strong coalition. The cats and dogs had become fast friends. And so naturally Satsuma had no desire to dispatch a punitive expedition against Chōshū.

Katsu's influence was spreading to every area.

In spite of the suspicions still resting on Katsu that he was a spy for Satsuma and Chōshū, the Shōgunate decided, or discovered, that it no longer had anyone else it could trust to act as envoy to the powerful Satsuma.

One month later, Katsu arrived in Kyōto carrying the letter Satsuma had sent to the Shōgunate refusing to send its soldiers in answer to the Shōgunate command. He called on the high-ranking samurai officials at the Kyōto residence.

The Shōgunate had sent the only man they could not say no to. "Since it's you, we'll do as you wish," they said and revoked the refusal. Of course, that did not mean that Satsuma was ready to send its troops out, and for that matter Katsu did not urge it. After all, Katsu was the one who had argued that it was no time for Japanese to be fighting among themselves, with the foreign ships menacing them on all shores. Domestic conflict would only invite invasion. Katsu had written his reasons for opposing the expedition against Chōshū in a communication to the Shōgunate. The Shōgunate had ignored it.

The day after Katsu left Edo for Kyōto, the Shōgunate launched its army against Chōshū, assailing it from land and sea. Since the war with the foreign powers, however, Chōshū had been renovating its military organization and building its strength with the help of England.

Not only the samurai but every farmer and townsman, woman and child had been trained and was ready to fight to the last after every other stronghold in the country had fallen to the invaders.

Right in the middle of this unhappy conflict, Shōgun Iemochi, who had gone to Osaka Castle to command the Shōgunate troops, fell ill and died at 21.

The last Tokugawa Shōgun, Yoshinobu (from Nihon-shi Tanpō, *Kadokawa Shoten)*

The 30-year-old Yoshinobu discerned as soon as he became the 15th Tokugawa Shōgun that the Shōgunate's chances for victory were slim, and he decided to conclude peace with Chōshū. But he knew he would have a difficult time convincing Chōshū, which was suspected of plotting the overthrow of the Shōgunate and was not likely to be anxious to give up a fight it was winning. Everything depended on his choice of a peace emissary.

Yoshinobu summoned Katsu from Osaka to him at Nijō Castle in Kyōto. Speaking directly to Katsu without any intermediaries, the Shōgun solicited Katsu's services in the dangerous venture: "I want you to go to Chōshū and convince them to make peace."

After Katsu had done everything he could think of to dissuade the Shōgunate from attacking Chōshū in the first place, now that they were losing here was the Shōgun asking him to represent the Shōgunate in a bid for peace! Katsu later recalled his disgust, "It was just so ridiculous that I was really tempted to decline. But I did have obligations to the Shōgun and I couldn't really refuse. I figured I was going to Chōshū to get my block knocked off, but I might as well go see what was happening."

Katsu left the next day for Hiroshima, which had been designated the site for the conference. Wearing only a simple cotton *haori* jacket and *hakama* (divided men's skirt) and taking no one with him, instead of dressing up and strutting in with the usual entourage accompanying a Shōgunate emissary, Katsu strolled casually into Hiroshima knowing he was surrounded by anti-Shōgunate samurai and followed by unfriendly spies.

The meeting was to be held in a temple called Daiji-in on the island of Miyajima in Hiroshima. Reaching the meeting place before the Chōshū representatives, he folded his arms and sat in the middle of the large hall waiting. Finally the Chōshū party of eight arrived, approaching the hall with respectful hesitation. They looked into the hall. The only person in the room was a small man in unpretentious clothing sitting resolutely by himself. They were astounded.

According to samurai etiquette, the Chōshū samurai could not simply walk up to a Shōgunate representative, could not even be in the same room with him. They sat on their knees deferentially in the corridor outside the hall, then, prostrating themselves, tried to begin the meeting.

"We can't talk when you're way over there," Katsu hailed them. "Come on over here."

The chief representative shrank back. "Oh no we couldn't possibly, it would be too presumptious."

"Well, then," said Katsu drolly, "If you won't come here, I'll have to go to you." In an instant he had leaped over the room and was sitting among them.

The ice was emphatically broken. They all broke out laughing and the chief representat ie went to the center of the room. "Well, as it's by your leave. . . ."

Characteristically, Katsu lost no time in saying what he had come to say. "I was against the battle with Chōshū from the beginning. But I was confined to quarters and didn't have any say in what was going on. The way things are now, though, we don't have any idea what will happen to Japan. We do know that the fighting amongst ourselves can't be permitted to go on. Chōshū should know better than anyone else that we can't have any more of this brother fighting brother. The new Shōgun Yoshinobu is an intelligent man and he knows it too, that's why he has sent me here to make peace with you. What do you say to everybody just taking his troops and going home?"

The Chōshū representatives shook their heads. Chōshū had done nothing; the Shōgunate had wronged Chōshū, they argued, and should be obliged to make restitution.

Katsu did not offer any counter to their arguments. He merely repeated that the Japanese had to cease fighting among themselves because it debilitated the nation's strength, and he drew on the examples of Ch'ing China and India to show what would happen.

The Chōshū representatives understood Katsu's reasoning. They promised that Chōshū would not attack the rear when the Shōgunate army pulled out, and the conference was brought to a close.

Chōshū's acquiescence stirred Katsu deeply, having come as he did with the knowledge that he might very well never return. In his diary he says, "I really thought (at that time), if the Shōgunate were reasonable and just in its dealings, the whole country would be happy to follow it loyally. Look at how even someone like me could impress the Shōgunate's sharpest critics. The Chōshū representatives caught the general meaning and the important points of what I said right away and didn't get tied up in little things like the Shōgunate officials."

What's Been Done Undone

His business in Miyajima finished, Katsu returned to Kyōto. In his absence, however, the Shōgunate had switched positions again. It had succeeded in persuading the Imperial Court to declare a ceasefire regardless of the outcome of his secret diplomatic exchange. The content of the decree was completely unilateral and repressive. "Inasmuch as the Shōgun has died, a ceasefire is herewith declared. Chōshū is directed to return all land obtained through its invasion."

Chōshū, needless to say, was incensed. "All Chōshū did was to drive out the Shōgunate army when it ingressed in Chōshū territory without any legal right to do so; Chōshū has annexed no land that did not belong to her."

Even more furious than Chōshū was Katsu. He had risked his life to bring about peace with Chōshū and the Shōgunate went ahead and ruined everything. It made him feel badly to think that the Chōshū samurai would assume he had put something over on them.

This last example of the Shōgunate's asininity must have hit Katsu hard because he became quite listless and discouraged. Finally, he handed in a rather sarcastic resignation to the Shōgunate saying, "As I greatly fear my feeble strength is insufficient to meet the overwhelming demands of this important post, I feel I can no longer hold it." Only the furious pleadings of one of the Shōgun's advisors (Rōjū) induced him to retract it. (This particular advisor understood Katsu's ideas better than the other higher Shōgunate officials and had continued to support and look after Katsu.)

Katsu went back to Edo.

The war between the Shōgunate and Chōshū ended in May of the next year, 1867. It was a total defeat for the Shōgunate.

The seeds Katsu had sown, his ideas, had failed to find fertile soil inside the Shōgunate, but outside they grew and blossomed grandly.

One of the finest results was his special disciple Sakamoto Ryōma. Ryōma had led his followers to Nagasaki in Kyūshū after the Kobé institute was shut down. There he talked a number of different fiefs into putting up the money to form a "corporation." He intended to buy merchant ships and use the profits from trade and shipping to purchase warships, enough to comprise the largest personal navy in Japan. With this force he would topple the Shōgunate.

After the Shōgunate was destroyed, Ryōma envisioned the "formation of a legislative body with two houses, an upper and lower, with all affairs of State to be decided after open deliberation by the representative members." This conception of a modern state government derived from the thinking of his teacher, Katsu Kaishū.

In January of 1866 Sakamoto Ryōma succeeded in reconciling the differences between the powerful Satsuma and Chōshū, the fiefs most capable of standing up to the Shōgunate. The Satchō Alliance was born. Katsu's idea of a coalition of the most influential fiefs in the interest of unified national defense was on its way to realization.

Ryōma was constantly on the move, from Nagasaki to Kagoshima (Satsuma) to Chōshū to Kyōto to Osaka. He ignored the ever-present danger that accompanied his agitative movements. The year after the Satchō Alliance, so instrumental in the Meiji Restoration, was effected, he returned to Tosa (which he had left illegally if you will remember) to try to talk the Tosa officials into pressing the Shōgunate to return the administration of the country to the Imperial Court. Tosa complied and sent a communication to that effect to the Shōgunate.

In October of 1867, Shōgun Yoshinobu called all the Shōgunate officials before him in Nijō Castle in Kyōto and announced that he was retiring from the post of Shōgun and returning the reins of government to the Emperor. With this he placed a period to 300 years and fifteen generations of rule by the Tokugawa family.

One of the most active manipulators behind this startling restoration, Sakamoto Ryōma was murdered the next month by a Shōgunate loyalist.

For or Against a Shōgunate

When the Shōgun handed back the authority of government to the Court, that did not signify any intention on his part of retiring from the administrative stage. He expected to open a legislature under the Emperor composed of lords of all the fiefs in the country. The Tokugawa family would lead the legislature and build Japan into a new modern state. Yoshinobu believed in view of the general loss of faith in the Shōgunate and the active movement to destroy it that this was the best course of action.

Only two months after the restoration, a large force of Satsuma troops under the command of Saigō Takamori materialized on the inside and outside of the Imperial Palace in Kyōto. Nobles of famous anti-Shōgunate feeling converged on the Palace in groups. Advocates of obliterating the Shōgunate, primarily from Satsuma and Chōshū, opened a joint conference with the Court. They forthwith confiscated all the lands of the Tokugawa and declared the total supremacy of the Imperial Court. Furthermore, they promulgated a list of representatives in the "New Government." The name Tokugawa was not among them.

In a frenzy, the 10,000 soldiers who had gathered at Nijō Castle to support the Shōgunate shouted their thirst for battle.

Meanwhile, Saigō had ordered the Satsuma samurai stationed in Edo to gather as many samurai drifters and gangsters as possible and encourage them to start rioting in the streets while the Shōgun was still in Kyōto. The furious Shōgunate loyalists overrode Katsu's objections and set fire to the headquarters of the Satsuma samurai in Edo. Every Shōgunate retainer from the Rōjū down to the lowest official was ready to march on Kyōto and Osaka.

Trying to pour water on the flames, Katsu called for peace in a written communication to the Shōgunate retainers: "The Shōgun has turned the authority of government back to the Imperial Court in an effort to build a new state for the good of all and not of individuals. It is imperative at this time that you refrain from crossing swords with the New Government troops."

As usual, the Shōgunate retainers turned deaf ears to Katsu's sensible reasoning. And as usual, Katsu chafed and fumed and went into seclusion in his house.

The Shōgunate was in quite thick with France. French Legate Léon Roches had urged them many times to accept France's offer of military aid and troops to subdue the anti-Shōgunate forces. The most powerful retainers of the Shōgunate were anxious to take France up on her offer. England, in the expectation that Satsuma and Chōshū would gain ascendancy in the end, continued to tender supplies and instruction.

The situation became tenser and tenser. Swayed by the pro-war faction among his retainers, Shōgun Yoshinobu resolved to put down Satsuma and Chōshū once and for all. "Satsuma and Chōshū have deceived the attendants of the Emperor Meiji who at 15 is still a child and they are attempting to turn the government of the land to their own nefarious purposes."

For the People's Sake

The battle between the anti-Shōgunate forces, comprised mainly of samurai from Satsuma and Chōshū, who called themselves the "Government Army" and the Shōgunate began in January of 1868 on the plain of Toba and Fushimi near Kyōto. The Shōgunate brought 15,000 men against an enemy force of 5,000, but those five thousand were armed with the most modern weapons and fighting techniques; in four days the Shōgunate troops were put to rout. Shōgun Yoshi-

Katsu Kaishū's unobtrusive efforts were responsible for the bloodless surrender of Edo Castle. In the print by Hōshū (possession of Nakamura Fumiya), the exuberant New Government troops march in to occupy the castle as the defeated Shōgunate army shuffles out.

nobu fled secretly from Osaka Castle, returning to Edo in a warship. Only four or five men accompanied him. Throughout the whole fiasco, Katsu remained sequestered in his home in Hikawa.

As soon as the Shōgun reached Edo he called for Katsu Kaishū.

The Shōgun's messenger knocked on Katsu's gate well before dawn. His usual disgruntled self, Katsu began by refusing—"I don't know what you're doing, it doesn't have anything to do with me."—but when he was begged earnestly, of course he went. To borrow his own words: "I went to where the Shōgun was, at the naval headquarters, and the high Shōgunate retainers were all building bonfires in the garden. The Shōgun was there, dressed in a Western uniform. I didn't even bow, just walked up and hollered at them, 'What do you guys think you're doing, anyhow? I told you this would happen. Just what are you going to do now?' So then the retainers all tried to stop me, 'You mustn't speak like that in front of the Shōgun,' you know, but I pretended I didn't hear them. I thought at least one of them would try to cut me down but they had about as much spirit as old cabbage leaves. When I saw how debilitated the Shōgunate samurai had become, I had to let out a sigh."

The rumor that the Government forces would soon attack Edo had already reached the Shōgun's ears. (In fact, the Court had already issued a secret order to that effect to Satsuma and Chōshū.) Now placed in charge of the Shōgun's army, Katsu urged the Shōgun, "If you decide to fight then I will lead the warships into battle behind you. But I think you should consider the consequences to Japan. Even if you win, Japan will be broken into a hundred pieces, with every lord and merchant in the country trying to make a fortune for himself or his domain through foreign contacts. While they are being taken advantage of by the foreigners Japan will perish. For the sake of this country and its people you must adopt an attitude of total unprotesting obedience to the Imperial Court now."

The Shōgun bowed before Katsu's fervent arguments. For the sake of the people of Japan he decided on "total unprotesting obedience." Yoshinobu asked Katsu to negotiate with the Imperial Court.

Katsu presented petitions in the name of the Shōgun Yoshinobu and of all the retainers of the Tokugawa to the Imperial Court. In his communication the Shōgun said, "By way of apology for the battle of Fushimi, I shall forthwith enter a temple and await the judgement of the Court quietly. I do ask you to have pity on the innocent people of Edo and desist from sending an expeditionary force on the city." The Tokugawa retainers pledged, "Our lord has always been entirely loyal to the Emperor and has never once put his own interests uppermost.

We entreat you to consider the services rendered by the Tokugawa family through long generations and be generous in your treatment."

Regardless of the disposition of the Imperial Court, Satsuma and Chōshū were not inclined toward leniency. The Court jointly with Satchō issued a plan for disposing of the Tokugawa which would effectively put an end to the samurai (Shōgunate) governmental powers altogether and slap a hard punishment on top of it. The proposal contained six items: 1) In order to fully demonstrate Yoshinobu's submission, he was to be placed in custody of the lords of Bizen (Okayama Prefecture); 2) Edo Castle was to be surrendered to the New Government; 3) All warships were to be surrendered to the New Government; 4) All weapons were to be surrendered to the New Government; 5) All residences of Tokugawa retainers inside the walls of Edo Castle were to be moved outside to Mukōjima and the retainers to retire thereto; 6) All persons instrumental in prosecuting the war along with Yoshinobu were to be severely punished.

Meanwhile, the New Government forces were already marching on Edo Castle.

The Fateful Meeting

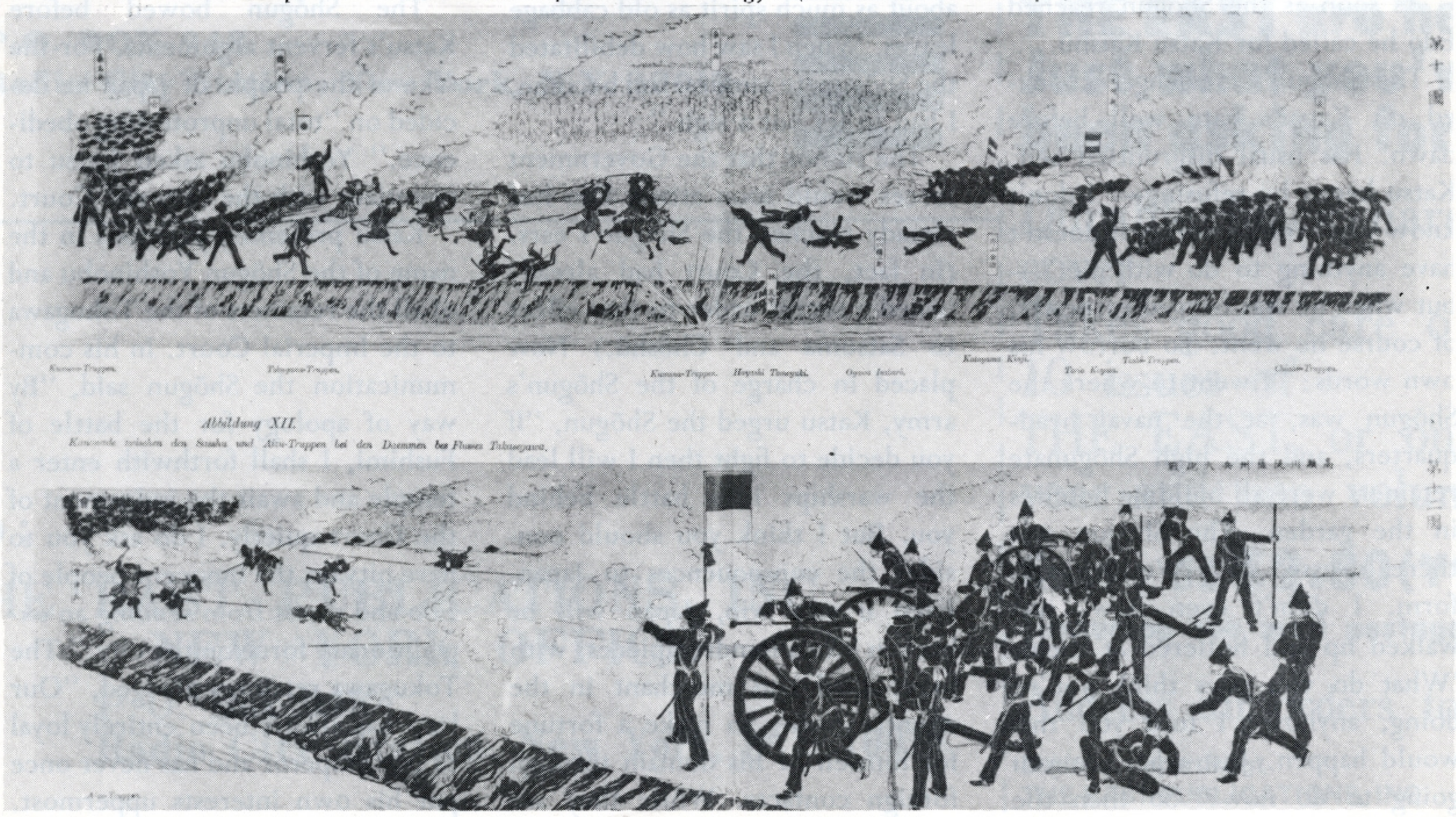
Katsu Kaishū requested an interview with the leader of the New Government forces to revise the final agreement. The leader was Saigō Takamori and his army had already come as far as Shinagawa, the gateway to Edo. Saigō accepted.

In the event that the talks failed and war inevitably broke out, the foresighted Katsu had already taken three precautions before even requesting the interview with Saigō. First, he had gone to his friend, the emissary from England, Sir Harry Parkes and exacted a promise if fighting began to take the Shōgun aboard an English warship and escort him to England.

Emperor Meiji (from Nihon-shi, Tanpō, *Kadokawo Shoten)*

Secondly, the Government troops could be expected to try to burn Edo Castle to the ground. This tactic they had learned from Napoleon, who burned his way through Russia. Katsu went around and visited thirty-five or six powerful gambling bosses, gangsters and

The superior numbers of the Shōgunate forces were put to rout at Toba-Fushimi before the fierce attack of the New Government troops with their modern weapons and technology. (From Nihon-shi Tanpō, *Kadokawa Shoten)*



bosses of fire brigades, plying their palms with enough cash to assure that they would come to his assistance on signal.

Third of all, he stationed ships at various points in the harbor so that when the fires and fighting struck, the citizens of Edo could take their belongings and flee to safety in Kanagawa or Chiba.

Attired in his customary simple dress, Katsu rode to meet Saigō on March 13, 1868, two days before the scheduled attack on Edo Castle. He took only one other man with him. A large number of Tokugawa retainers were outraged by his efforts to conclude a peace agreement and they were not likely to let him get away with going to meet Saigō if they could help it. Told that he should take a guard escort along, Katsu shook his head. "Pulling up with a lot of soldiers would only incite Satsuma."

Katsu was shown to a room in the Satsuma residential headquarters. Soon Saigō came clattering in from the garden, in wooden sandals and an old Western military uniform. He was also accompanied by only one attendant. "I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting," he apologized as he entered the room. He could have been planning a party for all the concern he showed in his bearing, Katsu said later.

The discussions lasted two days. Katsu spent the first day talking about the 14th Shōgun's widow, Princess Kazu no Miya. Kazu no Miya was the Emperor Kōmei's sister, thus Emperor Meiji's aunt. "We are very worried about what will happen to the Princess," Katsu said. "Even if it does come to a battle, we would not be so low as to use the Princess for a hostage. We will do everything in our power to assure the Princess' safety and we implore you to do the same. I will speak about the other questions tomorrow."

The next day, Katsu took out the written appeal for revision of the proposed measures for dealing with the Tokugawa and gave it to Saigō. Basically, the appeal asked that Yoshinobu be allowed to retire to the family estate in Mito instead of being taken into custody; while agreeing to give up weapons and ships, it requested that the actual transferral be postponed and a certain amount allowed to remain in the hands of the Tokugawa. Furthermore, the severity of punishment should be lessened and no one sentenced to death.

Saigō listened carefully to Katsu's explanation and then said, "I cannot decide this by myself of course, but I will inform you of the decision as soon as possible." With that, the talks came to an end.

Saigō returned to Kyōto and conferred with the Court and the other New Government leaders, urging them to accept Katsu's proposal. When the reply to the Shōgunate's appeal was drafted, the content was practically identical with Katsu's recommendations. The New Government terminated the assault on Edo Castle.

Katsu Kaishū on the day Edo Castle was surrendered (by Kawamura Yoshio, poss. of Katsu Yoshitaka)

Katsu recalled the meeting with Saigō: "Saigō listened to everything I said and didn't doubt any of it. With the simple words, 'It won't be easy, but I'll do everything I can,' Saigō saved the lives and property of the entire population of Edo and saved the Tokugawa from extinction. If it had been anybody else but Saigō I doubt it could have been done."

On April 11, 1868, Edo Castle was surrendered without the spilling of a drop of blood. On that same day, the last Shōgun of the Tokugawa Shōgunate left the family temple in Ueno for Mito.

The retainers of the Tokugawa looked on the man who had saved Edo from the ravages of war and the life of his lord Yoshinobu as a "vicious traitor," "man without honor," "the Satchō a dog who sold out the Tokugawa." At the last minute before he left for Mito, even Yoshinobu himself reproved Katsu, "You're too rash in the way you go about things." But Katsu was absolutely convinced that he had acted rightly.

"Even my wife and kids have complained. There wasn't one man in the whole country who would stand up and say I did right, but I've always believed I have a road to follow in this world; and I've had a pretty good time."

Still, there must have been one small spot in Katsu's great heart that was just the littlest bit lonely.

In the next issue, the scene shifts to the Meiji Period when the mood and the style changed radically under the New Modernization, to follow Katsu through the far less well known but equally interesting years that bring his life to a close. 東

ANNOUNCING

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Japanese Pilaf

BACK IN OLD times this unusual fried rice dish used to be made with camellia oil, but since that ingredient may not be part of the regular stock of your pantry (or ours), we give you a more modern, common (but still just as tasty) version. You'll surely love the flavor that *goma* or sesame seed oil bestows on a dish of heaping vegetables, meat and rice.

Ingredients (Serves Four):

3 cups unboiled rice
7 oz. chicken (or pork) (200g)
7 oz. white radish (daikon) (200g)
1 oz. carrot (25g)
4 fresh black mushrooms (shiitake)
2 tablespoons salad oil
2 pieces fresh ginger

A
- 3 cups water
- 1 mounded teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons saké
- 1½ teaspoons soy sauce
- msg

1 tablespoon sesame seed oil (goma abura)

B
- 1 cup soup stock (dashi)
- 2 teaspoons cornstarch (katakuri-ko)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon saké
- msg

To Prepare:

1. Wash rice three hours ahead of time and set aside.
2. Slice radish and carrot into matchstick slices about one inch long; cut off the mushroom stems and cut into thin slices.
3. Cut chicken into bite-sized squares.
4. Cut ginger into thin "needles."
5. Put oil in a pan and heat over medium burner. Add rice and fry lightly, stirring with wooden spoon. When the rice has gotten somewhat clear add water, salt, saké, soy sauce and msg as in A; then add vegetables from No. 2 and meat. Mix well, cover and then let rice cook as usual.
6. When the rice has steamed sufficiently, sprinkle liberally with sesame seed oil and stir with wooden spoon.
7. In a separate pan heat ingredients B to make thin *an* sauce.
8. Transfer rice to serving dish, top with *an* sauce and garnish with ginger needles. 園

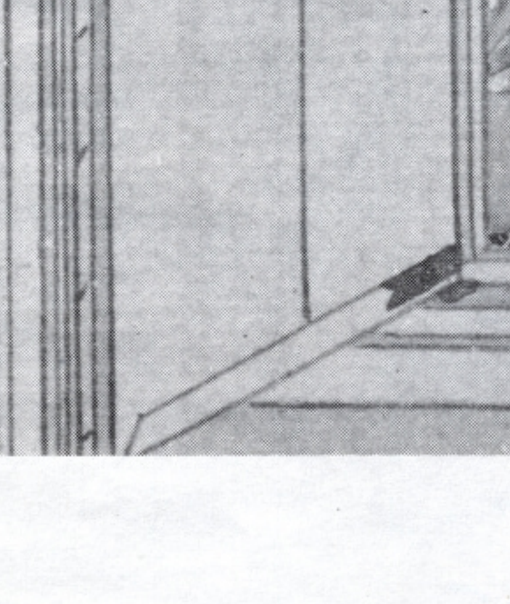
An Sauce

Made of cornstarch (*katakuri-ko*), dashi, salt and saké boiled to a thick sauce, *an* is often used to top off steamed or boiled dishes in Japanese and Chinese cooking. It's really a great help for a variety of problem dishes—keeps dishes from losing their shape when steamed or boiled a long time, adds savoriness to bland ingredients and generally makes the food you put it with good-tasting and easy to eat.

You can also add tomato catsup, shoyu, minced chicken, any or all three.

A Block to Lay My Head

(from Kasuga Gongen Kenki Emaki)



"A STONE FOR MY pillow, gargling from the brook," (石に枕し, 流れに漱ぐ, *ishi ni makura shi, nagaré ni kuchi susugu*) so the men who left behind the mad mad mad world to retire into the mountains and enjoy a life of poetry and music and contemplation used to describe their pastoral solitude 1700 years ago in China. At that time, a young fancier of literary pastimes named Sun Chu 孫楚 dreamed of taking up this untrammeled existence. He was sighing out his dreams to a close friend and thought to express his lofty ideal in an appropriate knowledgeable literary reference which would make him appear even more erudite and clever. "I want," he said with Malapropian aplomb, "to gargle with stones and make the brook my pillow."

His friend let out a snort. "How do you propose to gargle with stones and sleep on running water?"

Sun Chu realized his blunder but he was not the kind to go ahead and meekly admit it, so he clutched at his wits and countered glibly, "I'll lay my head in the brook just like the legendary Taoist hermit Hsü Yu 許由 who when he was asked by the Emperor Yao 堯 to become the next Emperor, washed his ears in the running brook to 'clean out the filth'. (洗耳)"

While stone pillows in wild fields were pretty much the monopoly of hermits (and welcome to it!), the aristocrats of ancient China laid their noble heads on jewels, pillows of (hard) jade, crystal, amber. The common people of China, and thus the vast majority, however, used pillows hewn from blocks of wood.

We know from the Kanji for "pillow"—枕, pronounced *chin* or *makura*, that the pillows of the ancients made stiff bedding. The radical is a tree (*boku*, *moku*, *ki*). 冗, read *chin*, introduces the word meaning "to spread underneath." The connection should be obvious enough, if a bit hard to imagine.

A number of different woods served the purpose in old China, but the most prized was boxwood. Ceramic pillows came in during the Northern Sung 北宋 Period, in the 10th to 11th centuries. Moreover, the power of the tiger was often borrowed to ward off evil influences in charms, and tiger-shaped pillows became a fashionable weapon against whatever malicious beings or winds might sneak up on an unsuspecting slumberer. Even in these modern times northern Chi-

nese parents give their children stuffed toy tigers for pillows instead of pandas as you might expect.

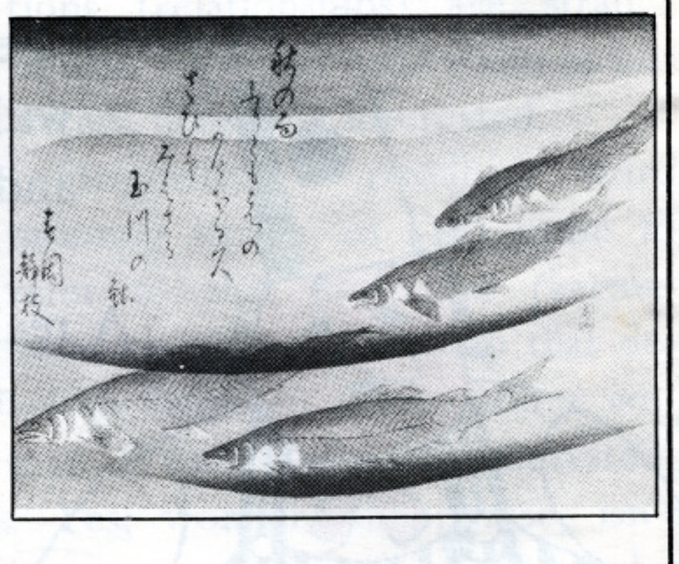
Wooden pillows were used widely from early times in Japan, too, though in the beginning these were just logs. Up until recently, all the servants in certain households cushioned their skulls, so to speak, on one long wooden log. Their master performed an eye-opening reveille by beating on one end of the log.

Later the wood came to be decorated with ornate designs of lacquer and inlay, while some sleepers preferred the natural fragrance of spicy woods. When the box-shaped pillow (箱枕, *hakomakura*) became standard, it was often outfitted with drawers to contain varieties of incense—a pretty piece of luxury. Then the stuffed pillows appeared, packed with rice husks, buckwheat chaff, beans, cloth; anything went. And it still goes, as sponge rubber, feathers or vegetable silk add that delicious bulge to mo n noggin-cushions. One is tempted to remark that the history of Japanese pillows took a hard line in the beginning and then went soft.

Hard or soft, when head meets pillow you can be sure there are dreams afoot (afloat?). Since dreams have an uncanny connection with reality, people have always taken great care to wheedle and cajole the good ones into becoming better (or real) and to stamp out the bad ones quickly before they get worse. So we put pictures of treasure ships under our pillows at New Year's and conjure the dream-eating monster *baku-baku* 獏獏 to gobble nightmares (see Vol. VIII No. 5). Pillows being imbued with a residual supernatural power, people avoided throwing them around, pouncing or stepping on them.

And travellers had to be especially careful. They could circumvent danger and elude the clutches of malicious spirits by weaving grass, a powerful charm, into a pillow. The image of the weary traveller laying his head in the pillowing grasses of the meadow, the *kusa-makura*, 草枕, gave famed novelist Natsume Sōseki 夏目漱石 (1867–1916) the title and a theme for one of his most read and reread masterpieces, 草枕 "*Pillow of Grass*." Where do you suppose Natsume got the idea for his pen name, anyhow—漱石, "gargling stones"?

Coming Up in the Next Issue:



The Calendar Year: June

June is the rainy month and the month of—the ayu. A fish that lives in mountain valley streams, the ayu is one of the prettiest, good tastingest and fun to fish for fish in Japan. And you won't find him anywhere else either.

Women in History: The Female Shogun

Minamoto no Yoritomo subdued the Heike and brought all the land under samurai to form the first Shogunate in the latter 12th century. He could not have done it without the assistance, encouragement and the tumultous drive of one of the strongest female figures in all history. It was his wife Hojo Masako whose power to command her family and all the samurai lords as she stood behind the Shogun her son led her to be called "the female Shogun."

Culture: The History and Culture of Okinawa

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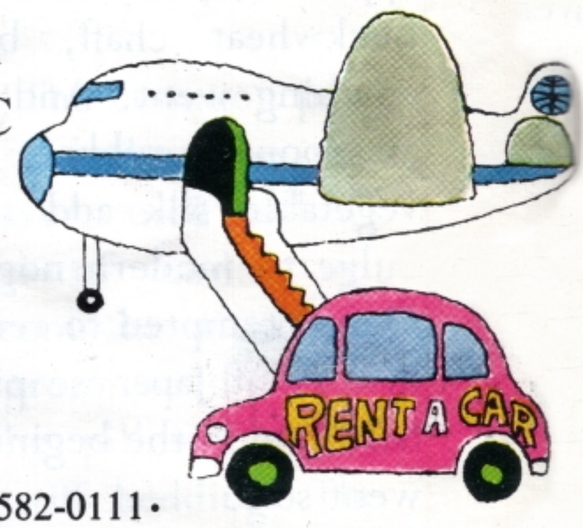

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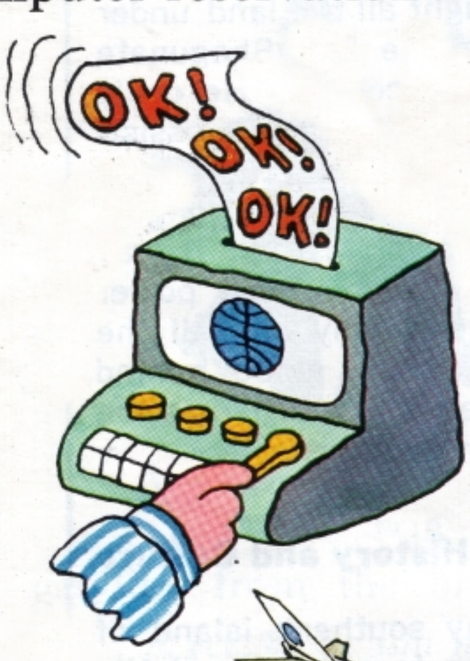

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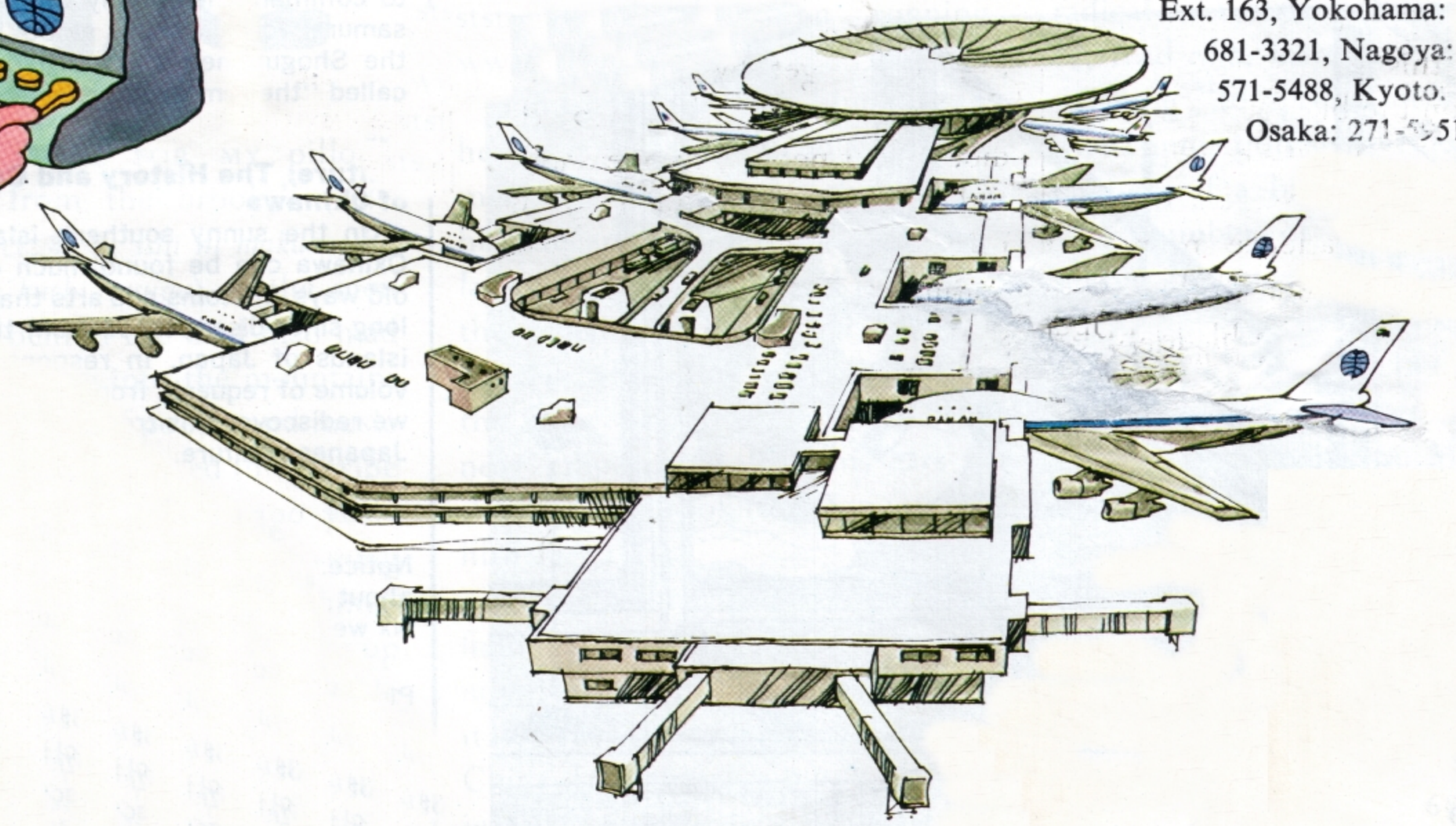

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A Rusty Blade, A Gay Blade

NO MATTER how badly it hurts, if you brought the hammer down on your own clumsy thumb, you can't very well hollar at anyone else for it (except maybe the dog). When the slip, miss, error or blunder is your own fault and you can't expect the sympathy of anyone else, that, say the Iroha cards, is *mi kara deta sabi*, みからでたさび, the rust that comes out of the blade."

The kana *mi*, み, is a shortened from of the Kanji 美. But *mi* (身) can mean "me" as in myself, I, my body and can also signify the body of a sword, which is the blade. *Sabi* or "rust" is an "unfortunate result," a bad thing to have happen. Thus you get the double-edged blade on this sardonic phrase. If rust gets on the blade from use, of course, you can just get out your good old rust-remover and elbow grease, oil your patience and make it good as new. But if the rust comes from inside the blade, if it arises from some inherent flaw you might just as well forget it. The junkman probably won't give you a sou for it.

Shi, し, from the Kanji 之, notes, *shiranu ga hotoké*, しらぬがほとけ. Literally this means, "the Buddha doesn't know." The meaning of this phrase has changed through the years, and so have the ways of men.

Back in the 18th century when the Iroha cards were created, common, everyday people told each other, "You don't want to probe all the ugly realities of life because you'll get angry, you'll get indigestion, your heart will beat fast and your breath be short. You should maintain the calm repose of the Buddha and you can do that best by ignorance." Those were the days when the samurai handled all affairs of government, which the

common people had no part in; all they could get by sticking their noses in was trouble. So they didn't, just nodded to one another and chorused, "Shiranu ga hotoké."

But let the country turn into a sovereign state of the people and they have to "shiru." They have to "know" what's going on to run *their* government. So the phrase stays the same but the meaning changes.

The way it's used today is more like, "the Buddha is always the last to know." To know *what* is unspecified, and better that way; the people who do know have increased until only the cherubic one is left in the dark (to confound metaphors). From a shrug the phrase has degenerated to a sneer.

What a comedown for an adage. It almost makes you sad.

え, pronounced *e* as in pet, comes from 恵. *En wa i na mono* えんはいなもの, says え: "Connections (relationships) are strange things." This is not news to us but we are definitely interested.

Originally a Buddhist word meaning karma, *en* (縁) came to refer to that particular (karma-determined!) relationship that develops between a man and a woman. We are even more interested.

Yes, wonders the phrase, isn't it strange how two people who didn't know the slightest thing about each other, who were never even formally introduced, can through some simple accident of fortune become intimate, fall in love? Isn't it marvelous? Lovely.

There is, however, a catch to this card. Women's libbers, take note! The assertion is full of the joy and wonder of innocent, two-sided bliss, all right, but the picture that usually appeared on the え card of the Edo Period? A young rake of a merchant's son showering his amorous attentions on some poor chambermaid.

What's really strange may not be the way that they love them; it may be the way that they leave them.園

from Edo Iroha published by Shinsen-sha
Cut paper illustrations by Takidaira Jiro

The Strange Tale of Urashima Taro

Once upon a time a long long time ago in the province of Tanba near Kyōto lived an industrious young man named Urashima Tarō. When I say he was young, I don't mean very *very* young, because he was 24 or 25 years old, but that is young enough as we shall see. Every day he rowed his boat out to sea and fished for all kinds of fishes and shellfishes and good things to eat. When the sun had almost ducked grinningly behind the red and gold western horizon he returned to shore to sell his catch. The coins jingled in his pocket all the way home and he dutifully handed them over, every one, to his dear, elderly parents. Tarō was always a very good son.

One day he was just pulling his boat up on shore when he heard a group of children laughing Very Unpleasant Laughs. They had captured a little turtle and were tormenting the poor creature mercilessly.

"You know what they say, 'the crane lives a thousand years, the turtle ten thousand.' Turtles are living creatures just like you and me. You should be kind to them." So saying, he gently picked up the turtle and released it into the sea.

The next morning Urashima Tarō went out to his boat, early as usual. All of a sudden he looked up. He blinked. He rubbed his eyes. Coming right toward him in the most charming little boat was the loveliest lady he had ever seen. Her robes were the finest, gentlest silk, such as only a princess would wear, and she was weeping ever so prettily into her long flowing

sleeves. "Wh-who are you?" Tarō stammered. "And why do you cry?"

"I have come a great way, very far from my home, carried by willful waves, and I cannot return by myself. You know the ways of the sea. Won't you please help me to return?"

Urashima Tarō's heart had not been made of stone, and he willingly jumped into the boat and took up the oars.

He rowed and he rowed. For ten days and ten nights he sent the little boat speeding bravely through the great, wide sea. On the tenth day they reached the land of her home.

And a land of rich dreaming it was! Every building a palace with trees like sea emeralds and flowers like coral. The sky was as blue as the ocean itself. The beautiful princess, for princess she was, turned to Tarō and said, "I am the turtle whose life you saved. Surely it was fated that we should become loving husband and wife and pass our days happily on this island, my home."

And so they lived together in beauty and happiness, as though time did not exist.

Three years went by in the twinkling of a dream. Urashima Tarō loved his wife most dearly, but he had begun to think of his parents and to fret over how they were faring. After all, he had left without saying goodbye. Finally he announced to the princess that he could stand worrying no longer; he would have to go back.

Shedding tears of pearl, the princess gave him a lovely little box and bade him carry it with him at all times. "This is something to remember me by, who loves you so very much. But you must not, no never, open the lid, please promise me that."

And so Urashima Tarō returned to his old home. He began to walk around looking for all the old familiar sights. But the more he walked the less familiar everything

seemed. "There is the beach where I played as a child, my house ought to be here . . . but it's not and a strange new building has taken its place." After approaching the door and retreating several times, he finally became bold and knocked.

A very old, strange man answered. "Urashima? No one here by that name. Eh? Live here before me? Nope. Nope. Wait a minute, come to think of it, legend says a fella named Urashima lived hereabouts and was swallowed up by the sea. But that was 700 years ago."

Seven hundred years! Stunned, Urashima Tarō staggered back to the beach. Three years had actually been 700! He began to cry and cry, tears enough to fill the ocean. He remembered the little box the princess had given him, his only consolation. Forgetting the princess' words in his grief, he opened the lid.

A big puff of purple smoke took flight and disappeared in the blue of the sky. His face felt very odd and he was suddenly terribly tired. Leaning over the clear sea water he looked at himself in the shimmering mirror. He was an old, old man! With a great snowy beard!

The smoke in the box had escaped with the years of his life. 園

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